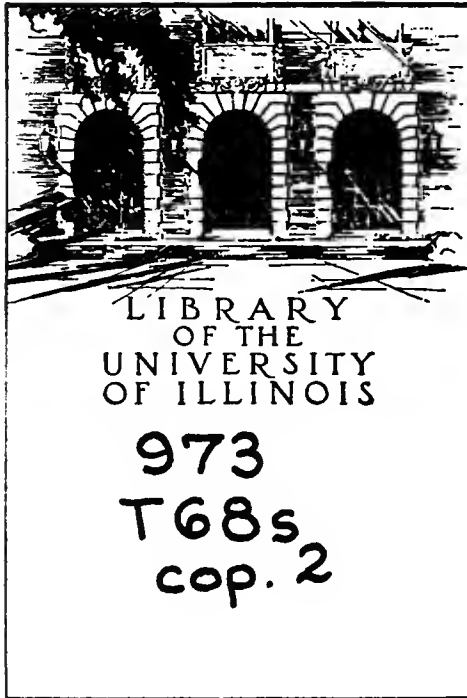


Mark Kimball  
July 25/62



Return this book on or before the  
**Latest Date** stamped below.

University of Illinois Library

|  |  |  |
|--|--|--|
|  |  |  |
|--|--|--|

L161—H41



# SPREAD-EAGLEISM.

BY

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

AUTHOR OF "YOUNG AMERICA ABROAD," "YOUNG AMERICA IN WALL  
STREET," ETC. ETC.



NEW YORK :  
DERBY & JACKSON, 119 NASSAU STREET.  
1859.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by

DERBY & JACKSON,

In the Clerk's Office of the United States District Court, for the Southern District of New York.

~~~~~  
W. H. TINSON, Stereotyper.

~~~~~  
GEO. RUSSELL & Co., Printers.

973  
7655  
2001

## CONTENTS.

|   | PAGE |
|---|------|
| Every Man his Own Autocrat, . . . . .   | v    |
| Review of Young America from "Illustrated London News,"<br>Nov. 20, 1858, . . . . .   | x    |
| Sketch of the Author from "New York Herald," 1856, . . .  | xxv  |
| Speech at the Anniversary of American Independence, in<br>Melbourne, Australia, July 4th, 1853—Massachusetts and<br>Young America, . . . . .  | 35   |
| Speech of Young America in Response to "The Ladies," at the<br>American Banquet, in Melbourne, Australia, July 4th,<br>1854, . . . . .  | 44   |
| Speech in Response to "Young America" at the Banquet held<br>in Melbourne, Australia, in Commemoration of the 4th of<br>July, 1855, . . . . .   | 52   |
| Speech at the Celebration of the 81st Anniversary of American<br>Independence, at a Complimentary Dinner given by the<br>American Residents to the Officers of the U. S. War<br>Frigate "Niagara," Liverpool, 4th July, 1857, . . . . | 63   |
| Speech at a Banquet given by Messrs. James Baines & Co.,<br>Liverpool, England, in 1856, in Commemoration of dis-<br>patching their Packet Ship "Oliver Lang" to New Zea-<br>land, . . . . .  | 75   |

|   |     |
|---|-----|
| Speech at the Dinner given by General John S. Tyler at the<br>Parker House, Boston, on the Anniversary of the Birthday<br>of Daniel Webster, January 18, 1858, . . . . .  | 89  |
| Speech in Response to the Sentiment "Young America and<br>Old England," delivered at the Banquet given at the Lon-<br>don Tavern by the American Residents, in honor of the<br>82d Anniversary of American Independence, London,<br>July 4, 1858, . . . . . | 102 |
| Opinions of the English Press, . . . . .  | 129 |
| Correspondence between the Foreign Affairs Committee of<br>Sheffield, England, and Mr. George F. Train of America, . . . . .  | 134 |
| Remarks at Mansfield, Ohio, Nov. 1858, at a Public Meeting<br>to meet the President and Directors, and agents of Foreign<br>Capitalists connected with the Atlantic and Great Western<br>Railway, . . . . .   | 148 |
| Remarks at Cleveland, Ohio, December, 1858, to the Scholars<br>of the High School, . . . . .  | 166 |

## EVERY MAN HIS OWN AUTOCRAT.

---

"YOUNG AMERICA ABROAD," thrown off while running about the world the other day, was written on shipboard, posted at the way stations, and found its way over the land, during the author's absence in Europe, under the editorship of the late Freeman Hunt, of the Merchant's Magazine.

Messrs. Sampson, Low & Co., published the book in London, and English reviewers said a thousand kind words. Read the Times, the Morning Post, the Daily News, the Morning Advertiser, the Globe, and the Morning Chronicle.

Look over the pages of the Economist, the Athenæum, the Literary Gazette, the Examiner, and the Saturday Review.

The leading Journals and Reviews introduced it to the Clubs, the Libraries, and such letters of acquaintance command attention, for the hospitality of Englishmen is proverbial.

The Duke of Devonshire, Lord John Russell, Lord



Bury, Sir Charles Napier, and Millard Gibson wrote me the kindest of notes.

Sheridan Knowles, Delané, Grattan, Bancroft, Hawthorne, Lucas, Layard, Dallas, Mackay, did the same.

Even dignified bankers certified that it was not a crime for a merchant to write a book. Kennard, Milliken, Gilbert, Cargill, Bates, Larnock, Bell, Marshall, Elsey, Mozley, McCalmont, Sturgis, Hamilton, Morgan, all wrote notes of encouragement. 'Tis pleasant to have the solid men of England wish you well.

The book was a hit. Literary men, commercial men, financial men, political men, gave me a warm shake of the hand.

Noland quotes pages in his *Authenticated History of the Indian Empire*.

I attribute its success to the fact of my not being a literary man—not a poet—and to my having followed Washington's course about that cherry tree.

"Young America in Wall Street," came out last year during the panic, and was abused and praised. Some liked it—others didn't. I observe that is the way with the world. Up, down—right, left—hot, cold—high, low—rich, poor—abuse a man, then praise him. Markets inflated, depressed—good,

bad. Odd and even is natural law. Prosperity—then adversity.

This rule applies to books.

The public can commend, censure, or take no notice. I am equal to the former two; but the third proposition touches the feelings of a sensitive man.

The Evening Post said I had no brains to write a book in ten days—so I made this in five!

The New York Times called it—trash.

The Herald—a work of decided merit.

The Tribune made faces at it; and some hundred other journals did me the distinguished honor of giving it a lift or a kick, as the editors happened to feel, thereby showing a good deal of human nature in mankind.

England said it was a Book of Telegrams.

Russia complimented me through Baron Bruno—and I am under warm obligations for receiving the courteous invitation from the Grand Duke Constantine to pass the winter at St. Petersburg.

The Illustrated London News gives me a column and a half on Young America. The editor thinks I shall make no more books. Perhaps I should have followed his suggestion, had he not furnished me with a title for another: "Spread-Eagleism."

Living in Australia, in England, in America, I

have always remembered our national anniversary.

Bennett published my first speech at Melbourne, in 1853—afterwards my Letters from Asia, Africa, Europe, under Young America, where I anticipated what has taken place in China, Japan, India—and in letters from Paris, Rome, and Vienna, to Hunt's Merchant's Magazine, in 1857, I foreshadowed the commercial panic of last year.

Spread-Eagleism is an Institution.

Young America is a nation, and signifies progress.

Young America don't mean sucking babies alone—nor school-boys—nor fast young men. Of course not. It takes the country—the whole country, and nothing but the country. Every man, woman and child, old and young—every individual born since the nation's birth-day, is a Young American. It is Young America as an amiable rival to Old Europe. Gambling, swearing, drinking, smoking, chewing, are not his traits of character. The real Young America does nothing of the kind.

Young America is the vanguard of change—the coming age. His watchword is Reform.

He loves Truth—Manhood—God.

He despises Humbug—Exaggeration—Hypocrisy.

Being true to himself, he can't be false to his neighbor. We cannot fasten an ism on him (except Spread-Eagleism).

He likes all the States, and is of opinion that there are more great men in the country than ever before. Time and circumstances will bring them out. Circumstances make men—but man controls the circumstance.

Great events are hovering over our destinies.

The President foreshadows action.

Young America will be wanted.

*The times are changing.*

These speeches have been the rounds. I rather like them, so I publish.

The fact is, if a man don't have a good opinion of himself, who will care for him?

I know of no one better pleased with number one than I. I have partially recovered from my constitutional diffidence and want of confidence.

This is my theory:

As there are so many young men in the world who don't like to go over and around it; who don't like to know the languages, make books, and be in the newspapers I say, as there are so many of these modest, unassuming men, who are not ambitious, I maintain there is no harm to mankind, no

moral wrong committed, in having one superlative exception.

Ever since I discovered that there were a few stock morals, stock jokes, stock ideas, stock heroes, stock compliments, stock slanders, stock creeds, stock conventionalities in the world—

Ever since I learned that Cæsar was less than six feet high instead of six thousand, I have applied the same measurement to other shining lights in barbarous eras, and find that no older fogies ever lived than those born before the age of printing.

Our age is *the* age.

Those men walked—we take the railway. Their dispatches went by horse power—ours by electricity.

The world is liberalizing.

Even Pandemonium has got a new and revised constitution.

The fires are not so hot as under the old Calvinistic régime.

Young America observes that nature's features are regular. He likes joy, gladness, bright colors; growling, ill-nature, scowls he detests. Flowers, clouds, land and water have a thousand hues; the Creator did not dress this world in drab.

Young America believes in a good hearty laugh. Laughter is the only distinguishable mark from the

brute—animals never smile. Only three cords draw down the face, but as many dozen take it up. Young America notices that his friends can never discover that he has any brains, but that his enemies by sneering, barking, depreciating, opposing him, prove it beyond a doubt.

Observing this, Young America having already too many friends, does not give up all hopes of making a few enemies, by way of resistance, like water against the oars.

By the by, did you never notice that a man always has plenty of friends when he does not particularly require their kind services?

Some think me too fast, others too slow; some say, modulate your voice more—gesticulate less—don't get so excited. Each gives advice, but all cheer.

Young America fears that we have too much theology and not enough of religion. Keep a board of bishops or a convention of clergymen waiting four hours for their dinner, and you will be astonished to see how that trifling delay will scatter their Christian precepts.

Gibbon says, "The past is no more—the present a fleeting show—and the future dark and obscure."

Young America don't agree with him. He

owns the past, uses the present, and discounts the future. He dives deeper, swims longer, and comes up drier. He thinks quicker, accomplishes more, and lives faster than any other party.

Owing to the number of distinguished foreigners who are residents in our land, he has come to the conclusion that his country possesses some two-thirds the entire common sense; three-fourths the active enterprise, and seven-eighths the beauty of the world! Egypt gave Industry, Greece Liberty, Rome Law, France Art, England Commerce, leaving America to combine the whole and represent the *Progressive idea*.

Humanity was a puling babe in Asia—a school-boy in Europe—and has come to America to pass its manhood.

*Item*—Young America believes that the present administration was necessary to cut off the chances of any man for the presidency over fifty years of age. The Young American ladies will never permit another bachelor to enter the White House! a voice from posterity has alarmed them by saying that the world would stop at the close of the century on that plan!

Orators intending to hand their speeches to the reporters at the end of their performances usually mark where the applause comes in. I have made

bold to follow their illustrious example. This is done in pure kindness to the general reader to assist him in finding the points.

Some critics compliment me by calling these speeches "Gas"—thereby insinuating that they are both luminous and exhilarating!

The Turkish word "Bosb" used in England—when applied to my theories—signifies talent!

Young America having covered all nations in his travels, never feels flattered when any one says that he has been from Dan to Beersheba—having stood on Dan and fired a stone over Beersheba. It occurs to him that it would be well to find some better simile for a man who has wandered some one hundred and seventy thousand miles.

Marco Polo got to China and back. Robinson Crusoe was born in the imagination of Defoe. Peter Parley saw Paris. I have seen more than all those good people.

Young America likes old England, and has observed that an Englishman thinks the more of you if you disagree with him—Young America's platform is in a word—

First—The eternal Union of the States. Second—Everlasting peace and friendship with England. Third—Free trade in commerce, finance, and literature. Fourth—The moral growth of spread-eagle



ism, which is only a modern word for the Monroe doctrine.

*Item*—Said Lord John Russell to Mr. Hume, at a social dinner: "What do you consider the object of legislation?"

"The greatest good to the greatest number," responded Mr. Hume.

"What do you call the greatest number?" continued his lordship.

"*Number one*, my lord," was the Commoner's prompt reply.

This book was published on same principles. If the matter is too heavy, I propose to give something lighter in the work which I am preparing in England, entitled "Young America on the Railways of the World."

WASHINGTON, *January 1st*, 1859.

## “YOUNG AMERICA.”

(From the Illustrated London News.)

UNDER the titles of “Young America in Wall Street,” and “Young America Abroad,” Mr. George Francis Train, of Boston, Massachusetts, late of Melbourne, Australia, now of London and Liverpool—and perhaps of Nishni-Novogorod, and, for all we know, of Kamtschatka—has issued two volumes of somewhat remarkable character, racy and idiomatic, which none but an American of “clear grit” could have written. Young America, and, as far as we know, Old America—if under the latter designation are to be classed men of the mature ages of forty, fifty, and sixty—is somewhat more rash, reckless, impulsive, and, to use the true American epithet, “go-a-head-a-tive” than either Young or Old England; but Mr. Train in this respect does not claim or wish to be considered a fair representative of his countrymen. When the present or the future greatness and power of America are under consideration; when it is a question of “licking all creation,” beginning with Mexico, Nicaragua, and Spain, and ending with Great Britain, Mr. Train, crowing, cawing, or shrieking on behalf of the American

eagle (a female bird, considering the eggs she lays on either side of the Rocky Mountains), can make as lusty a clamor as the most rabid stump-orator between Vermont and Arkansas. But, when it is a question of commercial enterprise and speculation, he is as sensible, as respectable, and as full of worldly wisdom, as a Rothschild, a Baring, or any greyheaded father of the Exchange. On questions of banking and currency, and the legitimate operations of commerce, he enunciates his maxims like an old foggy who knows all the ins and outs of trade, and can pay sixty shillings in the pound. No fine-spun and high-sounding theories, come whence they will, and promulgated under any weight of authority whatsoever, can influence his sober judgment, or blind his eyes to the fact, which so many men who ought to know better absolutely refuse to see, that trade and gambling are two different and irreconcilable things, and that people who are over anxious to grow suddenly rich very often march on the highway to sudden, but not solitary, ruin. This is the characteristic of Mr. Train's first volume, published originally at New York in the heat of the panic of last winter, and since reproduced in England. If, in addition to his genius for statistics and his wonderful memory for facts, Mr. Train had literary ability and experience equal to the know-

ledge which he has gained by the acute and diligent study of men, he might rise to considerable distinction in literature as a writer on economic and commercial subjects. At present his style is not only redundant but harsh, and betrays in every page how much better he can think than write, and how much polish the diamond still requires before ordinary eyes can recognize it to be a diamond at all. "Young America Abroad" is a more attractive volume than "Young America in Wall Street," and the train—a very fast one—carries the reader by "express" all over and all around the world, till we toil and pant after him in vain, and shut the book for want of breath to be whirled along so rapidly. Familiar with his own country and his own countrymen, he would make it apparent that he is equally familiar with England, France, Germany, Italy, and Russia; that he knows all about Australia—its resources and its characteristics; and that he is equally at home in matters relating to Java, Japan, and China. He is hand-in-glove with Russian Grand Dukes; on friendly terms with Ambassadors and Plenipotentiaries; knows Kings and Emperors, and, with Yankee independence—or, as we might say, "brass"—thinks an American citizen as good as, or better than, the best of them. His modesty never stands in his way or operates in

the slightest degree to his detriment; and his impudence—if the word be not too harsh for a degree of conceit and self-assertion which is linked with a great deal of good feeling and good fellowship—never degenerates into repulsiveness. Mr. Train, in fact, may be looked upon as a not unfavorable representative of what the Americans have themselves designated “spread-eagleism.” At a “spread eagle” speech he has few superiors, and brings down by the vehemence of his manner and the evident sincerity of his convictions the applauses of auditors who in cooler moments would pronounce his speeches to be, in American parlance, gas, or, in vulgar English, bosh. To overawe the world and to patronize Great Britain, and if the said Great Britain do not behave herself before her lusty and saucy progeny, to “give her a licking”—such is the wish of “Young America.” Nothing would please spread-eagleism so much as a general alliance of all the States of Europe against England, that America might have the opportunity of stepping in to the rescue, and saving the little island from the assaults of all opponents. Evidently such a result of European politics would be entirely to the taste of Mr. Train. Hear what he says :

## “THE TIMES ARE CHANGING.

“Americans must spring to the rescue of the Saxon power.

“England has done more for religious freedom and civil liberty than all the world beside.

“I speak with the book, and know well what I say. America has followed England abroad and copied her at home. Englishmen should praise rather than censure our nationality; for where is there a people so wrapt up in their national glory as the English?

“A little more reflection would convince an Englishman that America must ever be the friend of England. Natural ties are stronger than artificial alliances. Americans are worthy of better treatment, of more respect, of broader sentiments, than Englishmen are disposed to give them. They insist upon judging us by the standard of the “almighty dollar.” We have been treated badly by England.

“The whole story can be written on a single page.

“We commenced our career a shivering band of pilgrims, at Plymouth.

“Our house was built upon a rock.

“We worked—we toiled—we spun. God and the right went up with our morning and evening

prayer. By honesty and industry we built up a progressive colony.

“A free church, a clear conscience, and just laws were the daily watchwords of the banished pioneers. Amidst storm and tempest—the bear and the Indian—we increased in numbers and in wealth, and worked hard for that old mother land whose arbitrary laws had driven us from her shores.

“We paid the taxes generation after generation. We paid the taxes—for over a century and a half we paid them—and fought the battles of England. Years passed on. George III. wanted more money—we paid. More still—we paid that also. Year after year we paid away our hard-earned gains without complaint. Then tyrannical governors came among us. The Pilgrim band had become the germ of a great nation. More taxes were wanted for a Continental war. Out came the Stamp Act, the Boston Port Bill;—and overboard went the tea—up went the flag; and then came Declaration of Independence—battles—victory!

“‘There is Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill,’ said Webster to Hayne, ‘and there they will remain forever, to prove to the civilized world the justness of our cause.’

“England admits that she was wrong, that America was right.

“‘Onward and upward, straight on,’ we continued our destiny. Washington lived and died, bequeathing the purest name in history to a grateful nation. Adams, Madison, Jefferson followed, when, waging war with Bonaparte, England again insulted us. Our sailors were ourselves; touch them you arouse us. The American citizen, on land or on the ocean, must and will be respected. Again we were victorious.

“England admits that she was wrong, that America was right.

“Then came an age of peace. England sneers at our progress one day, and the next pats us on the shoulder, calling us a saucy little boy. English writers visit our land, but only return to exaggerate our faults and forget our virtues.

“‘Who reads an American book?’ said Sydney Smith.

“Marryat came to the United States in the midst of the panic of 1837, to sneer at everything he saw.

“‘Who fattens on the curse of slavery?’ said Dickens; and then there was a distinguished lady-writer came Trollop-ing through the land.

“The Ashburton Treaty was not a generation old when it was broken, but not by us. Our laws were infringed. Enlistment of soldiers in America for



the Crimean war would have offended Russia, with whom we have never had an ill-tempered diplomatic note. We protested, but without effect. Back went the British minister. England sent regiments to Canada, and a war-fleet to the Bermudas. Clarendon stormed; Marcy responded, with dignity and with eloquence. The American minister unpacked his trunks, and still remains in England.

"England still admits that we were right, that she was wrong.

"England should not forget, when shuddering over the atrocity of the Sepoys, that she herself, in days gone by, has offered rewards to the North American savage for the 'scalps of Americans wherever they may be found.' Remember Chatham's eloquent denunciation.

"I have merely run my eye along our national history to show that America has not been well treated by England. What are Americans, after all, but Englishmen left to themselves?

"With all this bitter remembrance we are willing to forget and forgive. We are fond of the old land yet—with all her faults we love her still.

"England will shortly need our help. The times are changing. Our moral sympathy alone may prevent the encroachment of Europe. India hangs by a thread—America can secure the Saxon flag

there for another hundred years. Americans are Americans at home—but they are Saxons abroad.

“Let England’s noble Queen come over to America, and she shall have a welcome such as no historian has ever recorded. A sovereign people know how to welcome a sovereign Queen.

“We never liked the Georges. Landor condenses Thackeray’s lectures into a thimble :

“George the First was reckoned vile ;  
Viler, George the Second.  
And what mortal ever heard  
Any good of George the Third ?  
When from earth the Fourth ascended,  
God be praised the Georges ended !”

“We never liked the Georges ; but there is not an American in the land that does not respect Victoria—the daughter, the wife, the mother, and the Queen—the noblest woman in our Fatherland !

“Let the Queen of England visit America ! ’Twill heal an age of irritation ; and then one hundred thousand able-bodied soldiers will land in India and in China to introduce, with cannon, the locomotive, the steamboat, and all the implements of the Saxon’s power to the Asiatic race.

“THE TIMES ARE CHANGING.”

Englishmen are very much obliged for the good feeling which dictates the offer of men from America to help them to reconquer India; but Englishmen have made up their minds to do without it. As yet, at all events, they can fight their own battles, and want no more assistance in India than Brother Jonathan does in Mexico.

We doubt whether we shall hear much more of Mr. Train as a maker of books. He has, we believe, a better business to attend to, and one for which nature has more eminently qualified him. As a maker of speeches, and a steady, active man of business, long may he flourish!

## YOUNG AMERICA IN AUSTRALIA.

(From the New York Herald, 1856.)

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

We have selected the subject of our present sketch, as a most creditable representative of the Young American merchant—of that Young America which pours its energies through all the channels of commerce in all quarters of the globe—which, at home or abroad, upholds the high character of its country—which is ready to plant itself wherever great achievements await it, whether amid the firs of the northwest, or on the quays of the seaboard; now ploughing the Arctic ices or searching for new points of development under the equator; now carrying our flag and institutions, to erect them on the yellow rocks of California: or, as if not finding room enough within our own boundless domain, aiding to establish a new port, build a new city and create a new commerce on the golden soil of Australia.

George F. Train was the oldest son of Oliver Train, who, for many years prior to his decease, was a successful merchant in the city of Boston, where his son George was born. In the year 1831, or '32, Oliver Train removed, with his family, con-

sisting of his wife and three children, from Boston to the city of New Orleans.

During the first year of his residence at the South, the yellow fever prevailed in its most aggravated form, and among its victims the entire family of Oliver Train was numbered, with the isolated exception of the subject of this notice. After Mr. Train had buried the whole of his family but George, and a short time before his own death, in the hope of saving his only remaining child from a similar fate, he committed him to the care of a captain of a sailing vessel bound to Boston from the port of New Orleans, to be restored to the surviving relatives of his deceased mother. Thus, at the tender age of four years, bereft of father, mother, brother and sister, this friendless child in a strange land commenced the voyage of life alone. Though too young, perhaps, to be much influenced in character by the unpropitious and forlorn circumstances in which his career began, yet his subsequent life, successful in an eminent degree, and unmindful of difficulties, which, however formidable to others, serve but to stimulate him to conquer them, seems to give evidence that the severe training of his childhood had given him strength, hardihood and resolution.

Arriving in safety at the city of his birth, after a

protracted voyage of many weeks, he was committed to the care of his grandmother on the maternal side, who then resided and still resides at Waltham, Massachusetts, and by whom he was reared with a tenderness and watchfulness that could only be looked for from the mother that gave him birth. This venerable woman, who still survives to witness the success of her protégé, gave him the advantages of all the education which at that day was to be acquired in a New England town. Remaining with his grandmother until fifteen years of age, he grew restless under the state of dependency he felt himself to be in, and determined thenceforth to achieve his own success. He went to Cambridgeport, in his native State, where he soon obtained a situation as clerk. There he remained nearly two years, when, concluding that Cambridgeport did not present a sufficient field of enterprise for his growing aspirations, he set out for Boston. His desire was soon gratified in obtaining a clerkship in the counting-house of Enoch Train & Co., the eminent shipping house of Boston. The position he rapidly attained there is best told by the fact that at the age of twenty-one he was sent by Col. Train to Liverpool to take charge of his branch house in that city, and which

Young Train managed with consummate ability for a year. On his return, he assumed his old position in the Boston house, and at the age of twenty-three was assigned an interest in its business, where he remained till February, 1853.

In October, 1851, Mr. Train was married, at the West, to the eldest daughter of Col. George T. M. Davis, and in February, 1853, they embarked for Melbourne, Australia—he with the view of establishing the house of Caldwell, Train & Co. In 1854, he purchased the interest of Mr. Caldwell, and the firm was changed to that of George F. Train & Co.

Of the many American houses that were established in Melbourne during the gold fever of 1853, that of George F. Train & Co. was marked with distinguished success.

When the celebrated White Star Line of clipper ships was established by Messrs. Pilkington & Wilson, of Liverpool, they selected the house of George F. Train & Co. as their agents at Melbourne, and to which their vessels are still consigned. The commercial connections of this house embrace many of the most eminent names throughout Europe. Its success may be said to have been almost without a parallel, especially when it is

remembered that its founder and principal manager is but just entering on his twenty-sixth year.\*

Undoubtedly, Mr. Train is largely indebted for his success to the admirable mercantile education he received in the house of his uncle. The Boston Post, in copying an article from the Melbourne Age, on "American Enterprise," introduced it with the following remarks :

"It is with pride and pleasure we copy the following evidence of the intelligent enterprise and merited success of a young Boston merchant on the other side of the world. Mr. Train is a graduate of the large and honorably distinguished house of Train & Co., a house whose senior partner, Enoch Train, Esq., has done as much to advance the business of Boston, improve her marine architecture, and develop all those elements of a high and useful mercantile character, as any citizen whose name was ever recorded in a Boston directory. Liberal, sagacious, decisive; those who have received their business education in his counting-house have had a high example before them, and

\* Mr. Train left Australia in 1855, and the firm of G. F. T. & Co. was dissolved by limitation in 1857. Should any of his old correspondents visit him in London they will receive a most cordial welcome.



those who have been capable of appreciating it and wise enough to follow it like the gentleman who now excites the commendation of the people of another nation, have reaped rewards but rarely attained."

Notwithstanding the important interests upon his hands and his devotion to business, Mr. Train, by some miracle of industry, has found time for extensive reading and scholastic attainment, and perfected his pen in an easy and graceful style, and speaking as if elocution had been one of the chief objects of his study. To these qualities we may add the more endearing ones of strict integrity, great moral worth, and habits of life without a blemish. Throughout the colony, and amongst all classes, he is a universal favorite. He was urged by the mining interest to represent them in the colonial Legislature, but his consent could not be obtained. The unanimity with which this nomination was tendered him is the best evidence of the respect and confidence entertained for him by the great interest of the colony. On the occasion of his recent departure from Melbourne, the prominent merchants and citizens of that place gave him the testimonial of a public dinner, and the speeches then delivered exhibited their high appreciation of his qualities and bearing as a merchant and a man, and of his inva-

luable services in advancing the best interests of the colony.

After a residence of three years in the island-continent of the South, during which brief time he has accomplished so much, Mr. Train resolved to visit his native land. In the first of a series of letters to the New York Herald, now in progress, he says :

“ I am now bound to Batavia, and after taking a look at the island of Java, shall proceed to Singapore, *en route* for China and Manila, and I shall try and give you a page or two from Hong Kong, Canton, Shanghai, and, if possible, from Japan ; after which I shall visit Penang, Madras, Calcutta, and, if time permit, pass through the interior of Bengal to Bombay ; then down to Ceylon, and on to Aden, up the Red Sea to Suez, over the desert to Cairo and Alexandria ; thence to Constantinople, Sebastopol and the Black Sea ports, returning by the way of the North of Europe, France and England to New York, which, with the ground I have already been over, ought to make me something of a traveller. I am taking the tour purely for information, and to get a little practical illustration of my theoretical reading.”

His subsequent letters from Java and Malacca are filled with graphic descriptions, and important commercial and statistical information, not elsewhere

to be obtained. We hope, when Mr. Train reaches this country, that, notwithstanding the success which has crowned his efforts abroad, he will conclude no longer to expatriate himself. Though proud of such men to represent us abroad, we cannot afford to lose their services at home.

We have spoken of Mr. Train as an exalted type of that vigor, energy, and daring enterprise that characterize our Young America. We cannot do better than, in closing this article, to allow him to give his own ideas upon this subject, by extracting a portion of his speech at Melbourne, on the Fourth of July last, in response to a toast given to "G. F. Train and Young America." After tracing the descent of Young America for a thousand years, in a condensed, but eloquent review, he exclaims :

"But if the retrospective view has dazzled us, how much more astonishing is the present. When our thirteen little States are rolling on towards forty living republics, bound together as one nation; when our three millions have grown to thirty, and 'driven by the hand of God,' to quote De Tocqueville, 'are peopling the western wilderness at the average rate of seventeen miles per annum.' When our Lilliputian commerce has whitened every sea, and our mother tongue has worked its way into every land, and when our influence and our pro-

gress—like the ripple in the mid ocean—reaches from shore to shore.

“Startle not, my friends, at the lightning pace of the pilgrim’s steed. He is sure to win the race—naught stops him in his destiny—when danger lurks in his pathway, he turns high his head and snorts a proud defiance at the precipice that would have ruined him, and plunges on to victory. . . . England and America are partners, not rivals. The younger nation is the junior, who manages the western branch of the old concern; youth gives activity, and hence the young man opens his letters before breakfast, on the steps of the post-office, whilst the old gentleman prefers breaking the seal in dressing-gown and slippers after dinner. Young America showed the same feelings of independence in establishing a house of his own, that every young man experiences who leaves the old house to earn an honest livelihood by his own exertions.

“In this instance, however, the connection with the old concern is of more value than that with the balance of the world. The revolution was merely an animated conversation, where shot and cannon were introduced to give emphasis to the debate, and when the disputed ‘points’ were settled, old England rose with renewed vigor, in Young America. The sources of discord soon began to dry, and

now, as the flower turns to the sun, the needle to the magnet, the child to its mother, as the twin brothers of Siam receive each the same emotions, so are we bound by speaking the same language, and worshipping the same God, to remember England, the proud old mother of our race,

“And join the stars and stripes and cross in one fraternal band,  
Till Anglo-Saxon faith and laws illumine every land.”

## SPREAD-EAGLEISM.

---

[ARRIVING in Melbourne in May, 1853, and seeing American ships and American merchants hourly entering the port, I immediately took measures to introduce our countrymen to the Austrians, by inviting their leading men to a banquet on the 4th of July, in commemoration of the anniversary of American Independence.

Nothing could have created a greater storm of political feeling.

The *Argus* became exceedingly wroth, and asked what France would say if a party of Englishmen gave a dinner in Paris in honor of the Battle of Waterloo, and invited the Emperor, as the American strangers were about to do, to glorify themselves over our defeat, by inviting the Governor of the Colony and his cabinet.

The *Herald*, with better sense, took us by the hand. I wrote a letter to say, that this was our custom everywhere, that Geo. Peabody, Esq., introduced it into London in 1851, the Duke of Wellington being his guest on the occasion. I also told them that the St. George, St. Patrick, St. Andrew, and St. Nicholas Societies—Americans and Englishmen together, met every year in New York, and that the flags of both nations were always united over the social board.

The dinner came off, and in less than three years the leading men of Melbourne showed their good feeling in tendering me a public banquet on my departure from the colony.]

AFTER the usual national toasts had been duly honored, the chair called out Young America by giving "Massachusetts."

Mr. George Francis Train responded to the toast. He said—

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN: Most cheerfully do I rise to reply to the sentiment which every Massachusetts man must feel a thrill of pleasure in responding to ; and although my proper place, it would seem to me, would be to hide myself in the shadow of the many eloquent gentlemen present, who have the happy faculty of using the Anglo-Saxon tongue in a manner that cannot fail to interest you, I must beg permission to say a word in telling you how much I appreciate the courtesy. Massachusetts is my native place, and I assure you I feel proud in representing her this evening. I was born beneath the Shade of Faneuil Hall. My schoolboy days were passed among her forest hills, and my mercantile experience I obtained amid the shipping of her capital.

I love her as my natural mother, and, notwithstanding my being so many leagues away, I cannot easily forget her sacred memory. But she needs no eulogy from me. In the magic words of her immortal statesman, "There is Lexington and Concord, and Bunker Hill, and there will they remain forever."

The prolific land that has given birth to a Franklin, an Allston, and a Story, reads in their works her beautiful history. Her statesmen—her historians—her painters and her orators—her merchants and her mechanics, rank high in that which makes men great. Look at her merchant marine—note the magnificent fleet of clipper ships she has launched within a few short years, and observe the progress in their modelling; you have them within a very short period all the way from a coal hulk to a pilot yacht. Not satisfied with having built the fastest ship, McKay is now about completing the largest clipper in the world. A ship 330 feet long, 53 feet breadth—a three decker, with four masts, and to register 4,000 tons. (Applause.)

Need I tell you, Mr. Chairman, she is to be called the Young America? (Cheers.) This is the age of progress, and surprised we cannot be at anything that may happen. If any man of good sense should tell me that he anticipated taking a voyage around the world, with only a single shirt to his back, and one collar in his hat, in some patent air-navigating balloon, or that *England and America*



*were soon to be made Siamese Twins, by means of a submarine magnetic wire, or that some promising son had discovered a patent for living without eating, or walking while sitting in his chair, or a thousand and one incredible things, I should want to reflect a moment before I began to laugh. America has been making rapid strides in improvement; her land is crossed with railroads, lined with electric wire—*

“The steed called lightning, say the Fates,  
Was owned in the United States—  
'Twas Franklin's hand that caught the horse,  
'Twas harnessed by Professor Morse.”

(Loud applause.)

By the last mail I note that our countrymen are about connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific Ocean by one continuous chain of iron, and projects too great for belief are being consummated. Inventions too wonderful to be credited, are daily being journalized. Her canvas whitens every sea, and her sons are scattered broadcast throughout all nations. We have been often laughed at for our national pride, but I for one am prouder than ever for every new discovery that she makes

to promote civilization and increase the good will of men. (Cheers.)

“ We are a proud people, and we are proud of right ;  
We boast, and well we may, Time, in his flight,  
Has never seen a nation spread in power,  
As ours has widened since its natal hour ;  
Since first our fathers sought this western strand,  
And one frail vessel bore the little band.  
Now leagues on leagues the heaving ocean’s roar,  
Goes bursting on our broad Atlantic shore,  
Where commerce dwells ; from thence to every sea,  
Is borne the glorious banner of the free.  
Thence far—far westward—may our eagle fly,  
Beneath the arching of his native sky ;  
And though a nestling, by the ocean’s foam,  
Beyond the Rocky Mountains find a home.”

(Loud cheers.)

Let us leave the toast and jump on board a Collins steamship, and shake hands with our relations on Albion’s shore. Observe the good feeling that exists between us.

And my prayer shall ever be that the same cordial spirit between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race, shall continue and increase under the flag of our own happy land and the strong arm of England, till the last wave breaks on the shore of eternity. (Prolonged cheering.) May no barrier spring up to mar the happiness of either.

And why should they not ever be on the best of terms—the gifted mother and the progressive child? Compare their histories, and in many features you can but detect a strong family resemblance. In the one you have an acknowledged republic—and in the other, the great Talleyrand tells us you have the republic in disguise—each free, and both with a broad and liberal government. Really, they are not so much unlike. Go back to earlier days. While we were stirred by the burning eloquence of Patrick Henry, and his compatriots, she was listening to the immortal Burke and the men of his day. If the same domestic fireside has given England two premiers, so has the old Bay State furnished America with two Presidents from the same family, for while she may speak of the eloquent Chatham and the wondrous boy premier, William Pitt, we can but remember the elder Adams and his son, “the old man eloquent.”

One from each land died in full honors while in the councils of their respective nations. Look at England’s stupendous monuments of genius. Go and see that leviathan piece of mechanism of Stephenson, the tubu-

lar bridge ; walk through the Thames tunnel, and stop a moment at the Crystal Palace, and you will find wonders artificial, as great in magnitude as in Niagara Falls and the Mammoth Cave in America you have them natural. Go with me to Chatsworth, the most beautiful place in all Europe, and here the princely owner whom I was honored by meeting on the banks of Menai, will tell you of what Mr. Paxton has done. Industry and enterprise is England's excelsior motto as well as ours. We have taken many a leaf from her book, and have oftentimes rested beneath her wide-spreading branches of gigantic oak, which cover one hundred and fifty millions of her people ;—even now we have to see what takes place in the world through England.

Read that mammoth engine of the press, that bears the same relation to England that the New York Herald does to America, the London Times, and you will see a daily history of the world. (Applause.) But enough of the land of my nativity, where I have spent so many gala-days. Enough of England, where, in that great commercial port, Liverpool, I first learned the true meaning

of hospitality. A twelvemonth among her merchants, I can judge something of their dispositions ; for before I had been there as many weeks, they made me feel as much at home as though I had been with them as many years. I say enough of the land where I was born and the land where I sojourned so short a time ; but a word for the land of my adoption—Australia ! my new home ! May its precious treasure shed a peaceful light throughout the social circle, and develop a gold field of happiness to all who have been drawn beneath its magnet. Australia ! the brightest star in the whole British galaxy. May it continue to shine over the pathway of the weary emigrant, until he has found the haven for which he has so long sought. (Applause.)

Australia ! the great El Dorado of the Southern Ocean, may the time be not far distant when we shall see the good effects of her yellow harvest in building a railroad to Sydney, and to Adelaide, and to every other commercial town in the colony with a magnetic telegraph for a companion. May this wonderful town continue to grow and widen, until it has eaten up all the surrounding vil-

lages ; and may the facilities for business keep pace with the wants of her people, and its emancipation is a subject for rejoicing.— (Applause.) In the language of the classic poet of Surrey, I know you will let me join you in remembering the event :

“ Rejoice, O land—our golden land ?  
 Be glad our glorious clime !  
 We are quit of the curse of the convict band,  
 We are free from the taint of crime ;  
 Rejoice and be glad, for the God of all grace  
 Has heard our prayers at length,  
 And bids Australia run her new race—  
 As the sun going forth in his strength.  
 No more shall the festering prison bark  
 Bring hither its cargo of strife ;  
 But every ship—as the olden ark,  
 Shall pour forth love and life.  
 No longer guilt, all greedy for gold,  
 Shall prosper and range without fear,  
 But virtue and freedom shall live to grow old  
 In blessed abundance—here !  
 Old England’s wisest, purest and best,  
 Shall flock to this happier shore,  
 And the good of the world, from the east to the  
 west,  
 Shall be ours for evermore.” (Cheering.)

Mr. Chairman, you must pardon me for detaining you so long, while you permit me to occupy another moment of your time, in giving a sentiment, which I know you will join

me in : " The Anglo-Saxon race throughout the world—may they henceforth know no rivalry but to advance the welfare of mankind." (Loud applause.)



*Young America's response at a public banquet, given by the Americans, at Melbourne, Australia, July 4th, 1854, to the sentiment—" The Ladies—God bless them."*

THE LADIES—God bless them—deserve all the cheers which you have done yourselves honor by giving them. They are worthy of the kindest of words, the loudest of hurrahs—the very name of woman covers all that makes life dear ; you give her last, but she is ever first—in peace, in war—everywhere and always, she is the beacon light that guides us.

God made the world, but the world would have been a blank had he not created woman to be the companion of man.

I have a theory, that when woman dies the rib goes back to man from whom it was borrowed, and when man is no more he must suffer for the sins of both. (Laughter.)

You could not, Mr. Chairman, have given

me a sentiment more congenial to my feelings. No man hears the toast without having the happiest associations of his life opened afresh.

“Oh woman! dear woman! whose form and whose soul  
Are the light and the life of each spell we pursue—  
Whether sunn'd in the tropics, or chill'd at the pole,  
If woman be there, there is happiness too.”

“Sweethearts and wives” bring out a  
“Health to all good lassies,” and when toasting the Queen the enthusiasm is intense, because she is a woman, the pride of her sex. (Cheers.)

How absurd is it to argue for or against a superiority of either sex—nature's laws forbid such nonsense—man has his sphere—woman hers, and when you toast the Pilgrim Fathers you should not forget the Pilgrim Mothers. (Laughter and applause.)

The mother of Washington is never forgotten when we remember the son.

Take the dew from the blossom—the bud from the bee, and both perish, so woman lives for man, and for man alone.

The needle and the magnet are not more constant in their reciprocal attractions than a good woman and virtuous man—you cannot



separate them. As sunshine and rain make glad the face of nature, so woman's smile chastens the life of man.

Mankind means womankind also, and when we toast the ladies we mean woman, the wife, the mother, the daughter, the sister of man.

The celestial spark of woman's love, dimmed in prosperity, blazes with intensity in adversity.

The forest tree, shattered by the thunderbolt, finds the ivy clinging the closer to its prostrate trunk. So woman's love shines the brightest when man bows before the affections of life. (Applause.)

"There is in life no blessing like woman's affection :  
It soothes, it hallows, elevates, subdues,  
And bringeth down to earth its native heaven.  
It sits beside the cradle patient hours,  
Whose sole contentment is to watch and love ;  
It bendeth o'er the death-bed, and conceals  
Its own despair with words of faith and hope,  
Life has naught else that may supply its place :  
Void is ambition—cold is vanity,  
And wealth an empty glitter without woman's love."

Men often receive credit for that which belongs to women.

First impressions come from the mother—as an overhanging rock wilts the flower, so

may a mother's frown cast a shade upon the child forever. Place a straw across the rivulet and how crooked is the river! Scar the sapling, you gnarl the oak.

Virtues and vices are stereotyped during the tender days of youth. Nature prints everything, and never repeats. The mother of Bacon stamped her learning on the son—Hume, Sheridan, Goethe, all speak of their mothers' character as forming their own.

Erskine's mother advised the law; and the mothers of Napoleon, the poet Thomson, Scott, and Boerhaave, all marked their genius on their sons. Randolph beautifully refers to his mother's teaching him the prayer "Our Father."

I know not a mother's love—a sister's affection. In another land, in a southern city, I was left motherless and sisterless—a waif upon life's stormy billows. But there still lives, in a far off country, a Christian woman (my mother's mother), who engraved impressions on memory's tablet that time and circumstance can never efface.

"The mothers of France make the men," said Bonaparte.

If in the seraglios of the East woman is de-

based, in the homes of the West she is exalted. In Turkey, men compliment their women by uncovering their feet; in America, by taking off their hats.

As the sun warms the flowers of the field, so woman's sunshine makes glad the home of man. God made the sexes for a divine purpose. "Let there be light"—and that light was woman.

"Not she with traitorous kiss her Saviour stung,  
Not she denied him with unholy tongue;  
She, when apostles shrunk, could danger brave,  
First at the cross and earliest at the grave."

When man curses the vile thing that he passes with a shudder in the street, he should not forget that he caused all her squalor and her wretchedness.

If a depraved woman is worse than a depraved man, so is a noble woman more exalted than a noble man.

I never hear women spoken of lightly when the wine goes round, that I do not impulsively stop the sweeping assertion with "Have you a mother, a sister, a wife, a daughter?" The flushed faces of the cowardly trifler of a woman's virtue shows that the shaft went home. 'Tis the only way to

•

check the tongue from running wild over the wine cup.

“ 'Tis said of woman, maid or wife,  
That honor is a woman's life.” (Applause.)

Woman's impressions are lasting, while ours are fleeting. Instinctively woman arrives at conclusions which man gains by reflection.

What woman seeks is manhood—what man cherishes is womanhood.

The wife who controls her husband, except by love, debases him, and cannot respect him. The husband who would trample upon the finer feelings of the wife, wrongs her and lowers himself.

This likening women to angels is absurd ; a woman in a drawing-room with wings would create a decided sensation. (Laughter).

What man wants is a woman (laughter) who will be to him the best of wives. (Cheers).

“ Woman ! blest partner of our joys and woes,  
Even in the darkest hour of earthly ill,  
Untarnished yet thy fond affection glows,  
Throbs with each pulse, and beats with every thrill  
When sorrow rends the heart, when feverish pain  
Wrings the hot drops of anguish from the brow,  
To soothe the soul, to cool the burning brain,  
Oh ! who so welcome, and so prompt as thou ?”

To be sure, Eve introduced the first extravagance in dress, but Adam was not long in following suit. Men are as absurd in their fashions as women. There is one thing I am convinced of—husbands do not give their wives sufficient spending money. (Laughter.)

Be more liberal, so that when misfortune comes the good wife will bring out her stocking full of savings. I have never observed the working of this theory, but have read of it in novels. Some of you who have been making so much money lately better try it. (Laughter.)

The poet Clarke beautifully said :

“ Then twilight let her curtain down,  
And pinned it with a star.”

He should have said, “ with a woman.”

Man needs woman's refining care to keep him from becoming bachelorized. What is there so melancholy as to see a confirmed old bachelor or attenuated old maid ? (Laughter.)

I know not which appears the most miserable.

The world would perish, under their plan, during the present century.

The maid may have an excuse—but there

is none for the bachelor. Early disappointments, causing single wretchedness (not blessedness), of course are far different from those who deliberately enter on the half-scissor plan.

A counting-house friend of mine once repeated this arithmetical sentiment when responding to "the Ladies :"

"May they add virtue to beauty, subtract envy from friendship, multiply amiable accomplishments by sweetness of temper, divide time by kind words and happy faces, and reduce slander to the lowest denomination." (Applause.)

Talk about gossips! Our sex love to gossip as well as theirs; and if a woman-gossip is a pitiful sight, what will you say of the man-gossip? When I see such, I think the greatest fool in the world is a woman—except a man! (Laughter.)

You never compliment a woman by calling her a Venus; on the contrary, you insult her. Venus was the goddess of Love, not of Virtue.

I love nature whenever and wherever clothed in beauty. I worship the rising moon, the setting sun—a beautiful landscape, or a white-capped sea—a lovely flower, a pretty

bird, a noble animal—but above all, a beautiful woman !

“ Let patriots live in story—  
Too often they die in vain.  
Let conquerors fight for glory—  
Too dearly the meed they gain.  
Give kingdoms to them who choose 'em ;  
The world can offer me  
No throne like beauty's bosom,  
No freedom like serving thee,  
Oh, woman !  
No pleasure like serving thee ! ”

The ladies—again, God bless them !

We admire them for their graces, we adore them for their virtues, we love them because—we cannot help it. (Laughter and cheers).



(From the New York Journal of Commerce.)

*Speech delivered at Melbourne, Australia, at the National  
Dinner of the American Citizens, July 4th, 1855.*

MR. CHASE proposed “ George F. Train, Esq., and Young America.”

Mr. Train replied as follows. His speech requires no comment ; it was unquestionably *the* speech of the evening :

You have given me, Mr. Chairman, a glorious theme, but you overrate my ability if you

expect me to do it justice. The sentiment demands an abler champion—but your warm and hearty call gives me confidence, and all that you have said, I pass to the credit of the toast, reserving nothing but your goodwill for the speaker. Your enthusiasm is well-timed, gentlemen, for Young America is worthy of your cheers, and the association of my name with the response, commands my deepest obligations. 'Tis a proud thing for the native-born of any land to speak of his country in the presence of his countrymen, and that pleasant duty is mine to-night. Had I not made pleasure before business the exception to the rule, I should have been absent to-day ; but to tell the truth, I would not, I could not go away. On two occasions like the present we have rejoiced together, and the temptation was too strong not to be with you at a third, more especially as I am about to visit my native country, where I hope to meet your at some future day,

“Round the hearth-stone of home in the land of our birth,  
The holiest spot on the face of the earth.  
Dear country ! my thoughts are as constant to thee,  
As the steel to the star, or the stream to the sea—  
Then, hurrah for the future so buoyant and bright,  
And be happy—if never again, boys, to-night !”—(Cheers.)



Once more are we met to honor this day of all the year—and 'tis well we meet in happy fellowship, for it is our own—the gala-day that belongs to no one else! Once more we bow before the reaper, Time, to join hand and hearts and voices in gratitude to Him who doeth all things well, that the Constitution of our Fatherland is strong and steadfast as the granite mountains that overlook my native city! Young America may well feel proud; but it is an honest and a worthy pride. Who can show such brilliant foliage on their genealogical tree? The faded leaves are still bright and beautiful; the wide spreading branches are strong with health and energy; the deep-seated roots are adamantine in their firmness and their strength; while the gallant old trunk stands triumphant, the beacon-light of a pure and noble ancestry! (Cheers.) Yes, Alfred! Thou dazzling meteor of a darker age. Alfred! the embodiment of all that makes men great, we claim thee as the founder of the Anglo-Saxon race! The ancestor, through a thousand years, of Young America! From thence till now, how grand, how kingly is our history—one continued blaze of flashing

constellations! Leave for a moment our noble relative in his glory, and, with the speed of thought pass on to the period when the seventh Henry occupied the regal chair, and stand with me on the "Pinta's" deck, and gaze in silent wonder through the glass of the great Genoese navigator upon a continent, the future home of Young America! (Applause.) Pass on another hundred years, and we are with other members of our distinguished family, who have made their names immortal; and who will deny that the genius of Shakspeare, the philosophy of Bacon, and the inspiration of John Milton, have shed a halo of undying fame upon posterity.

"We cannot dwell on England's page without a thrill of pride,  
Her poets are our heritage—her statesmen are our guide."

When Shakspeare's light went out, Young America's commenced to burn, for it was towards the close of the Protestant reign of the first James, about the time the hopeful Charles, with the gay Villiers at his elbow, was pursuing a romantic courtship at the Spanish throne, before organizing the Star Chamber, so soon to be broken up by Crom-

well, that a frail and tiny bark freighted with a hundred brave and virtuous men, whose conscience and religion were more dear to them than all beside, touched that rock-bound coast, and the May-flower of the Old World in December bloomed afresh in the New.

“Ye pilgrim fathers, though ye lie perchance in graves unknown,

A memory that cannot die hath claimed thee for its own,

A sacredness to that bleak shore your dust shall aye impart—

Your requiem—the ocean’s roar—your shrine a nation’s heart.” (Loud cheering.)

A few leagues further south sprung up the colony which the gallant Raleigh dedicated to England’s virgin queen, and an Indian princess gave her hand and heart to the Saxon planter, after risking her own life to stop the axe that was quivering over the life of the white man. Pocahontas, daughter of Powhattan! not only the first families of Virginia, but we of Puritan origin, are not ashamed to own relationship with thy persecuted race!

Prophetic was the vision of Governor Berkeley when he saw in the infancy of the Old Dominion, the Star of Empire twinkling

in the western firmament! A century more we will leave behind us—only a few generations back—and we are transfixed with admiration while listening to the burning eloquence of Chatham and of Burke, as these great orators plead our cause at the bar of the British parliament, begging the stubborn old monarch to release us from the burdens that oppressed us. But no; he refused. And as the sun breaks above the horizon, Young America commenced his glorious career. (Cheers.) Go with me to Washington, and I will show you a life-like picture of the first congress adopting the Declaration of Independence. The Napoleonic laurels—the spoils of Italian conquest—which now ornament the Louvre—were not more dear to the children of Italy, than the historical paintings of Col. Trumbull in the Rotunda of the Capitol are dear to Young America. But the citizen of the Great Republic trembles most with emotion when contemplating that spotless character—that has lived for more than half a century without a blemish! Throughout all time, who will discover aught to mar the immortality of the father of his country? If we cannot praise him, let the

world be silent! These good men all are gone, and others who have left their "foot-prints on the sands of Time," or graven in the rock of ages are no more. Most of those intellectual giants that towered so far above their compeers, are with the dead; and every true-hearted Young American will pay the willing tribute of a tear with equal sincerity at the tomb of the brilliant Carolinian—the dignified sage of Ashland—or the magnificent logician and orator of Marshfield. (Applause.)

How wonderful is the past! We have gone over the changes of a thousand years, and have seen therein the grandeur of our race. But if the retrospective view has dazzled us, how much more astonishing is the present, when thirteen sparsely populated States have swollen into near forty living republics, bound together as one nation; when our three millions have grown to thirty, and "driven by the hand of God" to quote De Tocqueville—"are peopling the western wilderness at the average rate of seventeen miles of space per annum!" when our lilliputian commerce has whitened every sea, and our mother tongue has worked its way into every land;

and when our influence and our progress—like the ripple in mid-ocean—reaches from shore to shore! Startle not, my friends, at the lightning pace of the pilgrim's steed! He is sure to win the race—naught stops him in his destiny. When danger lurks in his pathway, he turns high his head and snorts a proud defiance at the precipice that would have engulfed him, and plunges on to victory! (Cheers.)

If the past is so outshone by the present, what shall we say of the future—the dim, mysterious future? Ask me not to draw the curtain. Events follow events too rapidly to leave room for man's conjecture. The map of the world a few years only hence will show the long range of divided empire. Asia already trembles with the Tartar Revolution. Europe is blazing with the great changes that are bursting with volcanic majesty over millions of armed men, while Africa looks on aghast! Such is the position of the Eastern Hemisphere. Australia, too! the infant settlement of all nations, is springing like magic into manhood. The picture of our island home stands boldly out, the first nation of the Indian Ocean, the young giant of the South-

ern Seas, whose golden riches are as boundless as the range of thought. Where, amidst the raging of the tempest, is the Saxon ship of state the while? I answer, riding safely in the great harbor of the West. (Cheers.)

Young America is only Young England in another hemisphere ; or rather, Young John Bull working in wider garments, with an energy that was never brought out before, because never fairly and properly nourished in his old ancestral isle. England and America are really partners, not rivals. The younger nation is the junior, who manages the western branch of the old concern. Youth gives activity, and hence the young man opens his letters before breakfast on the steps of the Post-office, whilst the old gentleman prefers breaking the seal in dressing-gown and slippers after dinner. (Laughter.) Young America showed the same feelings of independence in establishing a house of his own that every young man experiences who leaves the old firm to earn an honest livelihood by his own exertions. In this instance the connection with the old concern is of more value than with the balance of the world. The revolution was merely an animated conversation,

where shot and cannon were introduced to give emphasis to the debate, and when the disputed "points" were settled, old England rose with renewed vigor in Young America. The sources of discord soon began to dry, and now, as the flower turns to the sun, the needle to the magnet, the child to its mother, as the twin brothers of Siam receive each the same emotions, so are we bound by speaking the same language and worshipping the same God, to remember England, the proud old mother of our race.

"And join the Stars and Stripes and Cross in one fraternal  
band,  
Till Anglo-Saxon faith and laws illumine every land."

No discord should jar such friendly relations. The bare thought of it has touched a spring in the English poet's brain, who, when speaking of Roman, Saxon, Norman, and Danish conquest, elegantly observes—

"We've grieved, we've sighed, we've wept,  
We never *blushed* before."

Give us, then, peace in Europe—but at all events, *neutrality* and *non-intervention* in America. (Cheers.)



Young Americans, our strength is in our union. Divide us, and our power is gone. United, we gaze fearlessly on the startling scenes that now convulse the world. Break us asunder, and the fragments of the wreck would strew the beach for centuries. The Young American is the son of the pilgrim ; hence you find him here and everywhere. He knows no narrow-minded ideas of local virtue, no jealousy of others' progress. When opening the argument of his nativity and future prospects, he simply says with Webster—"There is my country, she speaks for herself. So long as the plains beyond the mountains remain uncultivated, you will find our eaglet's flight is onward and upward—straight on." Your pardon, gentlemen, and my thanks once more ; if my remarks have been too much extended, you should have given me a less prolific subject. And now, my friends, you must join me in drinking a flowing bumper to the anniversary—may we ever hail as enthusiastically its return. Americans, I give you "Our Country, long may she live!"

"Hail, our country's natal morn !  
Hail, our wide spread kindred born !  
Hail, our banner—never torn,  
Waving o'er the free !

“ While this day, in festal throng,  
Millions swell the patriot’s song,  
So will we our notes prolong!  
Hallowed Jubilee !” (Cheers.)



(From the New York Herald, July 26, 1857.)

*Complimentary Dinner on the Fourth of July, 1857, by the American Residents in Liverpool, to the Officers of the United States Frigate Niagara, in Celebration of the Eighty-first Anniversary of American Independence.*

#### OFFICERS OF THE NIAGARA.

CAPTAIN HUDSON, Commander Pennock, Lieutenant Todd, Captain Rich, Marine officer ; Purser Eldridge, Lieutenant Guest, Lieutenant Wells, Lieutenant Kennon, Chief Engineer Everett, Assistant-Surgeons Lynch and Washington, Assistant-Engineers Kellog, Moore, Grier, McElwell and Kutz ; Mr. Hudson, Captain’s clerk, and Mr. Willard.

First-Lieutenant North, Surgeon Palmer, Lieutenant Whiting, Lieutenant Macaulay, Lieutenant Boyd, and a number of junior officers, were absent in consequence of having to attend duty on shipboard.

## AMERICAN RESIDENTS OF LIVERPOOL.

Daniel James, Wm. Smith Bird, Benj. F. Sabcock, John Caro, S. B. Guion, C. K. Prio-  
leau, Richard S. Ely, James McHenry, Wm.  
T. Whittemore, John Calder, James Jackson,  
Wm. R. Morgan, W. W. Mertens, George  
Warren, Wm. L. Trenholm, Henry Nash,  
Eben Howes, R. M. A. Kerchevel, Frederick  
B. Elliott, D. P. Morgan, Henry Starr, David  
Stuart, Rutson Maury, Robt. M. Grinnell,  
Stuart H. Brown, J. George Smith, Horace  
H. Stevens.

## AMERICAN GUESTS.

Wm. B. Higgins, Manchester ; Mr. Baylor,  
United States Consul at Manchester ; J. S.  
Oakford, London ; Captain Oliver Eldridge,  
of the Atlantic ; George F. Train, of Boston ;  
J. H. Orme, James Maury, of New Orleans ;  
Col. Follen, Chas. Roome, of New York ; Jas.  
Buchanan Read, Abbott Brown, of New  
York ; Rev. Mr. Calder, of Charleston, South  
Carolina ; C. T. Mitchell, of South Carolina,  
and J. Mullaly, of New York.

The President read the eighth regular toast,  
as follows :

“ Our Country.”

And the cheering, to borrow an old, but on this occasion a true quotation, by which it was followed, "beggars all description."

Mr. Train, of Boston, a gentleman who has already made himself known to his country by his eminent success as a merchant in Australia, by his travels over the islands of the Indian Ocean, through the British East India possessions, in Europe and elsewhere, responded to this toast. [I should remark here that his letters, which were published some time ago in the *Herald*, and which were descriptive of his travels, have rendered his name familiar to its readers.] He addressed the company as follows :

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN—our country for four score years and one has been speaking a living language to the debt-burdened nations of the world, and stamps her own eulogy on every tree and shrub and river throughout our broad domain. Perfume to the rose, light to the sun man cannot add, and words of mine can never glorify that land we love so well. Yet to be silent would be to slight your courtesy. A boy in years, you honor me first in inviting me here to night, and secondly, in giving me the toast

of the evening. For both these compliments, gentlemen of the committee, accept the heartfelt obligations of one who daily thanks his God that he is an American. You overrate my powers of speech, if so impromptu you think I can do justice to the sentiment. An hour since I knew not that my name stood opposite the toast ; but our country expects every man to do his duty. You draw on me at sight. I accept the draft. I am glad to meet the American merchants who have assembled together to celebrate the anniversary of our national independence. I am proud to shake hands with the officers of the grandest war-ship in the world. My cup of pleasure is overflowing to meet you around this social board—to listen to your eloquent bursts of nationality—to laugh when you laugh—to cheer when you cheer, as the bumper toasts go round. (Applause.) Our country—sweet land of liberty!—"the land of the brave and the home of the free!" How the blood rushes through our veins as we listen to the music of the Star-spangled Banner—the music of universal unity! (Applause.) I am just from the Continent, where time to me was money in learning the Euro-

pean languages ; but I heard there no sounds so dear to me as those of my mother tongue. "Home, sweet home" is the syren song of every true American. No matter where I have drifted upon the sea of change, restless to add another page to the book of knowledge, my love of country increases as the sands run through the glass. The world has opened the treasure box of nature, and I have gazed in silent astonishment at what has been spread before me. But, Mr. Chairman, whether looking at the crater down deep in the bowels of Vesuvius, or gazing on the Roman world from the dome of St. Peter's—bathing in the river Jordan, or culling flowers in the garden of Gethsemane—using the pickaxe two hundred feet below the earth's surface on the Balaarat—contemplating the delta and the desert five hundred feet above from the pyramid of Ghizeh—standing in company with an emu and a kangaroo on the shores of Botany Bay, or roaming over the ground trod by Sir John Franklin in Tasmania—worshipping nature in the primeval forest at Buitenzorg, in Java, where the tomb of Lady Raffles reminded me that England once possessed that Garden of Eden, or sur-

rounded by Ladrone pirates at the mouth of the Yank-tse-kiang as the typhoon swept us towards the shore—talking silks and teas with the merchant princes of Canton, or cormorant fishing at Foo Chow-foo—wandering over the Mount of Olives—standing on the Leaning Tower of Pisa, or walking on the Hoogly's banks as the Sepoy army received Lord Canning—listening to Louis Napoleon as he talked of American railways and his New York life, at the Tuileries, or hearing the deafening cheers that rang along the lines when the boy-Emperor of Austria rode through the ranks on the anniversary of the birthday of Maria Theresa—a pageant that occurs but once in a hundred years:—no matter where the tide of fortune takes me—and I have seen all lands, and heard all tongues in my one hundred and sixty thousand miles of rambling—"our country" stands out in bold relief, the fairest land in Christendom! Asia has heard of our prosperity—Africa reads our history—Europe opens wide her eyes—Russia is proud of our Friendship—Austria respects us—France sees our giant growth—England trembles for her commerce—all the world wonders. The win-

ter ocean sings the requiem over that shivering band of pilgrims whose bones make sacred that bleak New England shore, while Washington Irving has sent Columbus' name down to future generations. Then come the patriots of '76—that immortal band who, eighty-one years ago, so lion-hearted, signed their names to that eloquent declaration on yonder wall, and planted that tree of religious freedom and civil liberty that not only covers thirty millions of our people, but everywhere holds out its protecting branches to oppressed mankind, saying “Come unto me, and I will give you shelter.” (Applause.) Yet while we lay our burning tears upon the graves of these towering minds, let us hope that the American forest will still show us the growth of intellectual purity and greatness. (Applause.) Our eagle stoops to no small flight—the king of birds, as our country is the first of nations. Stand back, old mother land—think of the cotton and the corn—look at our commerce—remember our history—and in these days of doubt and dread that hang over Europe and your Indian empire, don't forget that America is your truest friend, where blood and kindred, laws and religion,



bind us by an annual contract of one hundred millions sterling to keep the peace. (Applause.) England boasts of that wonderful work in Wales—that fairy palace at Sydenham—that astonishing bridge under the Thames—that monster steamship on its banks, and America points with pride to nature's noblemen—the cave of the West and the great Falls. But now art and nature are to be united. The Falls of Niagara cease to be an object of wonder in regarding the great achievements of science, and the whole world has forgotten it in the deep interest with which they are watching the result of the enterprise in which the noble ship Niagara is engaged. As the river where Fulton effected on the water what Watts accomplished on the land, surely and safely made its way through its mountain paths to the sea, so will Hudson trace his track along the wave, and do his duty in acting as bridegroom at a wedding where all the world are spectators. (Applause.) Cousins marry cousins in European courts, and the mind is dimmed by the union; but here, father will marry daughter, and the result of the union will be the most brilliant chapter in the history of the civilized world.

"On the same tablet that owns a Franklin's name,  
Thine, Morse, in living characters will flame."

And when the two countries are struck by lightning, each may justly share the thunder. (Renewed applause.) Depend upon it, the rolling-stone will belie the adage, and gather "moss," provided it has a "Field" to work the electric fluid on the Stock Exchange. Grand as will be the union of the two great Saxon empires, the union of our own fair country is dearer to every American than aught beside—

“ We are a great nation, while the silken band  
That binds the union of our happy land  
Remains unbroken.  
We, no doubt, may feel  
Of foreign influence or foreign steel—  
Turn back the bolts against us hurled—  
Throw down our gauntlet and defy the world !”

Our country right is our first thought ; but  
right or wrong our country. (Enthusiastic  
applause.)

“Who shall sever Freedom’s shrine;  
Who will draw the invidious line?  
Though by birth one spot is mine—  
Dear are all the rest—  
Dear to me the South’s fair land,  
Dear your central western band—  
Dear New England’s rocky strand,  
Dear the prairied West.”

Let our voices ring round the world—past Cape Clear—past the banks of Newfoundland, rolling on to our Atlantic border, till the trapper catches the sound on the Rocky Mountains, and whirls it scornfully past Brigham Young and his nest of vipers, to the gem of the Pacific—California ; and still onward on that broad ocean, where another golden land has caught the fire, and where ten thousand Americans in Australia commemorate that anniversary, the celebration of which I introduced there four years ago, and where they echo back the glorious words “ Union ! Liberty ! ” (Applause.)

“ By our altars, pure and free—  
By our law’s deep rooted tree—  
By the past’s dead memory—  
By our Washington :  
By our hopes, bright, buoyant, young—  
By our common kindred tongue—  
By our love of country strong,  
We will still be one.” (Enthusiastic applause.)

Again accept my thanks, and once more let me hear your cheer when I name the magic words—Our Country.

Mr. Train’s remarks were listened to throughout with the greatest interest, and

when he sat down, the applause with which they were received was renewed.

(From the New York Herald, July 26th.)

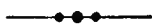
Mr. Purser Eldridge, after having been repeatedly called upon for a speech or sentiment, regretted that he was not fluent of speech, and feared that he could contribute but little to the general entertainment if he were to make the attempt ; but as he had no doubt the company had been equally delighted with himself in listening to the eloquent remarks that had fallen from the gentleman late of Australia, Mr. Train, he would feel obliged if he would act as his proxy and pour out a little more of that train oil which lubricated so well the machinery of speech and caused so great a flow of eloquence, poetry and patriotic sentiment.

The allusion to Mr. Train brought that gentleman good humoredly to his feet again, when he favored the company with another of those outbursts of passionate and fervidly patriotic eloquence which had electrified his audience in the earlier part of the evening.

(From the New York Tribune.)

We have been betrayed into these natural and national reflections by noticing that at the dinner of American merchants in Liverpool upon the last blessed Fourth of July that ever was, a gentleman by the name of Train—he ought hereafter to be called Lightning Train—brought out our bird and put him through his flights in a way which justly entitles the exhibiter to be called the Van Amburgh of Eagles. At that banquet we were in a bad way for a little while. Prof. Morse, Mr. Dallas, Mr. Hawthorne, and other well-known Americans, had sent their regrets and their toasts—some dry and some buttered—in envelopes. Captain Hudson of the Niagara was present, but that gentleman, albeit an incarnate man-of-war, declined to fire a broadside, and contented himself with making a modest speech. Our eagle was actually beginning to moult; but when the toast “Our Country” was given, Mr. Train of Boston was instantly upon his legs, and was after that lion in the twinkling of an eye. In a second the quadruped was floored. Talk about bearding! Why, that

animal was down to the degree that he will never get up again. The lions in Daniel's den must have been in low spirits when they found themselves hungry, instead of having a prophet for supper as they had expected ; but we can tell the reader that those lions were as light-hearted as children at play, in comparison with their British brother upon the Fourth of July in Liverpool. . . .



*Impromptu Remarks made at a Banquet given by Messrs. James Baines & Co., Liverpool, England, on board their Packet-ship Oliver Lang, New Zealand bound.*

THE leading merchants, bankers, and editors of Liverpool were present.

(From the Northern Times, Liverpool, 1856.)

T. M. Mackaylery in the chair.

The Chairman again rose and said : Gentlemen, it would ill become us, while we are rejoicing in the prosperity of New Zealand, to forget that of the sister colony of Australia, whose golden regions have contributed so much to the wealth of New Zealand at the present moment. I am happy to say that

we have in this assembly, one of the most eloquent and most esteemed merchants of Melbourne, and from the reports that we receive from time to time of its enormous auriferous deposits, one is almost induced to consider that there may be some truth in the theory that "gold is not riches." I know of no person who is more calculated to undeceive the "slow coaches" of the old country, than Mr. Train—(laughter)—and I beg to couple his name with the toast—"The port and trade of Melbourne." (Hear, hear.)

The toast was drank with all the honors.

Mr. Train responded. He said: Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, it is a proud thing for an American to be thus honored. I can hardly speak. You pay me a high compliment in asking me to respond to such a sentiment. But you have over-rated my ability in expecting me to do it justice. To remain silent, however, would be to be forgetful of the many pleasant days I have passed under an Australian sun; but when I see so many eloquent men about me—so many Englishmen, (merchants connected with the colonies)—my feelings tell me that you should have devolved upon others the duty of responding

to the toast of the port and trade of Melbourne. My fitter place would be to get behind the awning, and make room for others who could speak the English language in a manner pleasing to you all, combining instruction with information. (Cries of "No, no.") But fortunately for me, the port and trade of Melbourne require no champion—no defender. If New Zealand, according to Sir Robert Peel, is to be the Great Britain of the Eastern Ocean, what will Melbourne be, I ask? (Hear, hear, and cheers.) It is scarcely twenty years since a British Minister was complimented upon giving to a great Australian port a name; and that name will be as lasting as the knowledge of England's greatness. (Cheers.) It is but a short time ago—I think it was about the time that the great financial whirlwind was passing through the world, in 1838—when a little body of settlers touched at Port Philip, and planted the seed of a future empire. Years passed on. You heard nothing through the lands but the lowing of cattle and the bleating of sheep. Time kept pace—years rolled by—quiet was reigning in the land—the Australian boor was talking to the Australian shepherd, and the



boomerang was whistling over the squatter's hut—when suddenly there came a *eureka* shout from Ballarat. It passed through the land. It passed through the colonies like a prairie fire. It was heard at Melbourne, Port Philip, and Adelaide. It passed along round the Cape, by St. Helena, and on through England, America, and the whole world, like an electric flash. (Applause.) I, among the first, was in the field. I left Boston at the commencement of 1853, and arrived at the port of Melbourne, and saw there some 600 square-rigged vessels, and none discharging. Such a sight no man ever saw before, nor will he ever see again; I could hardly believe my eyes. I went out with my clerks, each man with a revolver. (Laughter.) I went out armed, as I thought I was going to a convict country, and that you could not take up the Melbourne *Argus* without reading of people being shot down in the streets. What was my astonishment to see the port completely packed with shipping; but I found little facility there for working them. I found no warehouses—no docks, like yours, Mr. Mayor. I saw nothing commensurate with its greatness. We soon took hold—

English, Scotch, Irish, and American, altogether ; and now behold the change ! £34,000,000 sterling of property you sent us in two years for a population of less than 250,000. (Laughter.) And do you wonder at the result ? I remember when I left Boston, one of what we call the long-headed merchants—men who send out in long voyages, to India and China, and wait during twelve months before remittances can come to them—met me in the street. “ Well, you are going to Australia ? ” “ Yes. ” “ You will see a sight that will astonish your eyes ; you will see men in the streets borne down with bags of gold—gold in their pockets, gold on their backs, gold around their necks—starving to death ! ” I asked him what about their 12,000,000 head of sheep ; and he replied, “ why man, they cannot live on mutton all their lives. ” (Laughter.) At that time there were forty ships in New York, and twenty in Boston, and who can wonder at the result. A friend of mine sent me a case of buttons on account of a Huddersfield firm, and I remember how I tried in vain to sell it, and how I eventually returned net profits of £3 4s. 10d. (Laughter.) I sent them

those net profits, and the only reply I ever got was a bill of lading for a package of champagne, saying that it was the first returns that they had had. (Laughter.) But the trade and port of Melbourne now! I tell you that they speak for themselves, and need nothing to be said in their behalf. We have got warehouses, we have got gas, we have got water, we have got a railway—only a short one as yet, to be sure, two miles—and no one has done more than you, gentlemen of Liverpool, for that port. I assure you that I am proud of that country. All Australians must be proud of it; no other place can rival it. I once thought I would go on to see if there were a nicer place, and I went on to Java, Singapore, and along the Chinese shore for thousands of miles. I came down again, and met an English merchant everywhere. At every place I found a British man-of-war, a British consul, and a British merchant. I went up to Hindostan—I called at Ceylon—but found no more flourishing place than Melbourne; to Eden, through the Red Sea, through Lower Egypt and Cairo—but I found no richer place than Melbourne; so ran down by Joppa and Jerusalem. I

went all through that country to the Dead Sea, and then to Jericho. (Roars of laughter.) I came back again through Syria and Palestine—but I found no such go-aheadative place as Melbourne. I went to Cyprus, Latakia, Beyrout, Acre, through Tripoli, through the Dardanelles on to Constantinople—but I found no such place as Melbourne. I then thought I would see the great arena of the recent struggle—the great battle-field—and down I went to the Crimea. There was an astonishing sight! I felt I would have seen nothing, accomplished nothing, had I not gone to the Crimea. I was down there at the end of April, but peace was then restored. Every Englishman I met on the way, when I talked of peace howled it down again. They said that England wanted time to get into fighting trim—to have her pluck fairly aroused—that now it wasn't, and that fight they would. But peace came. I went to Kamiesch and Balaklava, and I roamed over those battle-fields that you have spoken of. I saw the famed redoubts where the Turks ran away. (Laughter.) I saw the spot where Captain Nolan brought the order, from whom I never knew—(laughter)—to

Lucan and asked him to charge. "My God, what shall I charge?" "There is the enemy, and these are my orders." I seemed to hear, as I stood on that now historic spot, soliloquize, "Well, here goes the last of the Cardigans"—(Laughter)—and down they went. I went to the Alma. I passed on to Inkerman, where those British Guards, who will always guard your country, fought so nobly—I saw the Mamelon—I entered Sebastopol—I crossed to the North side—I entered the Balbekbut, gentlemen, I found no better place than Melbourne. (Laughter.) I hurried on through the Continent. I touched at Trieste, and was landed between Austrian bayonets, and from the time I landed until I departed I was signed and counter-signed, checked and counter-checked, *vised* and *re-vised*, up one side and down the other. (Laughter.) Every man seemed to regard me as a thief—an incendiary; and, thank God! when I got on British soil, I felt that Americans and Englishmen were one. I never was so glad of it as when I got to England, and where I no longer required a passport. I feel proud as an American, to meet so many Englishmen. I have just crossed the Atlantic, and have

brought to you the well wishes of a whole host of people. (Cheers.) I assure you, in spite of ministerial dispatches, editorials, and electioneering speeches, the feeling in America still is, that

“Though oceans roll between us—though our lands are far  
apart,  
Though rival mothers bore us, we are brothers still at heart;  
Let us think upon the ancient blood that circles in our  
veins,  
And drain the cup of fellowship while yet a drop remains.  
Here’s a health to hallowed Albion, the jewel of the sea,  
And her daughter, fair Columbia, the happy and the free:  
Long may their sons their praises sing, friendship’s joyful  
strains,  
And drain the cup of fellowship while yet a drop remains.”

I am wandering from the toast, but the Anglo-Saxon race still lives in the 60,000,000 of Americans and Englishmen throughout these countries, and though they have been spoken of as missionaries to the aboriginal races, yet I can tell you that missionary enterprise does not do half as well as British cannon. In 1842, when you broke down the barriers of the Chinese empire, you did one of the best things in the whole world for these nations. You broke down the barriers, and then Jonathan walked in, and took his share

of the trade. (Laughter.) In conclusion, I will give you a toast which will bring you all on your feet. I am proud that I am the guest of Mr. Mackay. (Hear, hear.) I have listened to his remarks with pleasure, and look upon him not alone as one of the leading merchants, but one of the most eloquent orators in your land.

“Great in the counting-house—peerless in debate;  
Who follows Mackay, takes the train too late.”

(Great laughter.) I propose to you “The health of Mr. Mackay,” and call on you to receive it with a cheer that will make the welkin ring. (Applause.)

The toast was drunk with three times three.

The chairman, in responding to the toast, was received in the most enthusiastic manner. He said: Gentlemen, how am I to return thanks for this ovation? I am sure we have all been delighted with what we just heard, and I do not know that I ever heard a more entertaining, a more practical, a more useful and instructive speech than that delivered by Mr. Train, and I hope the enjoyment has been natural. . . . Be-

fore I sit down, permit me to propose the health of a branch of the aristocracy—it is The health of the Hon. Stuart Wortley, (cheers,) who is a guest at our table this day. The honorable gentleman won golden honors at Canterbury, but since he came of age, he has been in New Zealand—the land of his adoption. I beg to propose the health of the honorable gentleman, and may God send him every blessing. (Applause.)

The Hon. Mr. Stuart Wortley rose, and was received with loud applause. He said: Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, it is no easy matter, after a speech, such as that with which Mr. Train has favored us, for me to address you. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) I do not know how he may feel himself, but listening to him has quite put me out of breath. (Laughter.) He carried us round the world in a shorter space of time almost than one could have thought of it. We have been, I believe, beginning at Melbourne—throughout every part of the known world, and almost every part of the unknown world, and I confess that my ideas have become so scattered in consequence, that it is with no small difficulty I can collect them. (Laughter.)



But I feel it a peculiar honor to be here in Liverpool, and to be in any way associated with an undertaking, such as that which Messrs. Jas. Baines & Co. this day are inaugurating, I feel it to be a sign, not only that James Baines & Co. are doing what may turn out, I trust, to be a great benefit to them and the colony, but I feel myself, as a New Zealand colonist, proud, because it shows that we are not resting where we were—that it is now worth the while of Baines & Co. to do what ten years ago they would not have thought of. It shows that we have not lost the opportunities we had, but that we have done our best to bring our country under notice for her favorable advancement, and to deserve the efforts which our English friends are making for us. (Hear, hear.) And, gentlemen, the way by which a country of that description can be made most fit for enterprises of commercial magnitude, is by numbering among her people such energetic characters as Mr. Train. (Hear, hear.) After the sketch he has given of himself, of the way in which he started from Boston, when the difficulties of Melbourne appeared to be insurmountable,

that must appear sufficiently evident. I know the position which he has attained in that colony, for his name is known beyond the limits of Melbourne—known even in New Zealand. It is by means of characters of that description, with such a native energy, and I trust I may say, with a dash of the Yankee in them, that a new country will prosper—and when I say a dash of the Yankee, I mean that which a colonist necessarily gathers—a habit of helping himself, doing everything for himself, and not trusting to other people to do it for him. (Applause.) . . . .

(From the Liverpool Courier.)

The speech of the day, however, was that of Mr. Train, the Melbourne agent of Messrs. Pilkington & Wilson's, "White Star" line of clipper ships. Mr. Train is an American, of the most thorough "go-ahead" principles, and his style of speaking and acting beautifully illustrate the picturesque eloquence of the "Yankee." He dashed on at a rate which would have double distanced an "express-train," and in his glowing periods, put a "girdle round about the globe" in half

the time proposed by "Puck." In the felicitous language of the Hon. S. Wortley, he had been "over all of the known, and most of the unknown world," and performed the feat in a style more accordant with the speed of light than in unison with the ordinary modes of travel. He was listened to with breathless attention, and was rewarded by tremendous outbursts of applause and laughter.

(From the Boston Gazette.)

YOUNG MR. TRAIN.—Our former townsman, Mr. G. F. Train, has recently made a tremendous spread-eagle speech in England, upon the occasion of the reopening of trade between Liverpool and New Zealand, when Messrs. James Baines & Co. gave an entertainment on board of their fine ship, the Great Tasmania.

Mr. Train's speech was received with immense applause, especially that portion in which he laid out a geographical map of his wondrous travels, and gave it as his opinion that there is no place like Melbourne. We believe Mr. Train was invited by the Czar of Russia to be present at his coronation.

*Speech of Geo. Francis Train, Esq., delivered at the dinner given by Gen. John S. Tyler, at the Parker House, on the anniversary of Webster's birthday, January 18th, 1858.*

I KNOW not how to thank you, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, for this most unexpected testimonial of the well wishes which you bear me. Your kind hearts and good nature speak a fair greeting and a cordial welcome home. Crowd as many pleasant words as you can into a paragraph, and take them for my thanks, for the evening hour is late—morning is close at hand, and I am too full of enthusiasm, awakened by the eloquent speeches of your governors, your mayors, your merchants and others who have aroused our cheers to-night, to tax your kindness by giving the dullest prose in return for the sweetest poetry. I am just from Washington, where, on Thursday night, I sat at the social board in the shade of some of the statesmen of our land who met to do honor to the poet Mackay, who bears away pleasant memories of your kindness to him while in Boston. 'Twas a national party—Seward of New York sat down with Quitman from

Mississippi, Burlingame of Massachusetts with Boyce of Carolina, Parott of Kansas with Sherman of Ohio, Shields of Minnesota with Ward of New York, and so on through the Union. The East and the West, the North and the South with one accord extending a welcoming hand to the warmhearted Englishman, who read to us the finest national poem in our language, and in such company at such a time I was proud to see the profound respect given (to the man whose natal morn we celebrate), when the toast was offered to the memory of Daniel Webster.

Leaving Washington on Friday, I found in New York, on Saturday, your kind note of invitation to meet the Webster Marshals and the Boston Merchants; and an hour since I landed in your city and here I am to thank you for this most generous welcome home.

“ I am with you once again, my friends,  
No more my footsteps roam.  
Where it began, my journey ends,  
Amid the scenes of home.  
No other climes has skies so blue,  
Or streams so wide and clear,  
And where are hearts so warm and true  
As those that greet me here ?

Since last with spirits wild and free  
I pressed my native strand,  
I've wandered many miles at sea  
And many miles on land ;  
I've seen fair cities of the earth  
With rude commotion torn,  
Which taught me how to prize the worth  
Of *this* where I was born !" (Applause.)

Five years have flown away since the Webster Marshals met on a similar occasion—more than five years since the great man died. Five years have tolled their knell since the world commenced to mourn o'er his departure to the world immortal. We meet to-night to do honor to the memory of Daniel Webster. We loved him while living—we cannot forget him now that he is dead. His name is in the school-books, and generations will keep it ever green. "His requiem is the ocean's roar—his trust the nation's heart."

You ask me, Mr. Chairman, to give an account of my stewardship during my long absence. Do you forget the hour? Do you not see around you a score of eloquent speakers loaded to the muzzle, ready to be discharged? I am in the ranks, you are general here, the command is peremptory. I

obey orders if I break owners. Look at the clock and wind me up when you cease to be interested. (Laughter.)

'Tis just five years ago since I shook hands with you all, bade good bye to my native land, passed Rio de Janeiro and the African cape, and landed at Melbourne—that *bourne* from which it was said no traveller returns—(it should have been no returns for consignments)—and since then I have been studying practical geography while whirling around and over the world.

The clipper ship, the screw steamer, the Arab horse, the Egyptian dromedary, the Syrian mule, and the Asiatic donkey have assisted as a kind of galvanic battery with which I have kept up a kind of telegraphic communication between the Old World and the New ; but I return once more to tell you that I have found nothing, so fair, so grand, so noble, as my native land, and that when gazing upon the dark faces and darker intellects of the native tribes, the words of that great statesman were ever ringing in my ear, “ *Thank God, I am an American !*” (Applause.)

From the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean,

from the South Sea to the Pacific, wherever I have marked the habits and customs of the world, these words were on my lips. In New Holland, whose natives, like the country, seem upside down—where the swans are all black, the flowers have no odor, and the birds no song—where the trees shed their bark instead of their leaves, and the cherry-stones grow on the outside ; where 'tis cold in summer and hot in winter, and the stem of the pear grows on the big end ; where, as Sydney Smith says, there is an animal with a head like a hare, a body like a deer, and a tail like a bed-post, taking three skips to a mile (laughter), and nothing else like other climes ; throughout the Australian gold-fields, from Maryborough to Tarrangower, from Burra Burra to Woolloomooloo, steaming through Bass's Straits in the Golden Age, or being entertained in the Governor's palace at Sydney ; in the orange groves of Parramatta, or on the banks of Botany Bay, where a small white slab spoke of La Perouse, the French navigator, who lost his life before Cook the Englishman made the land—throughout all these lands I looked at the poor miserable natives, a kind of cross be-



tween a boot-jack and an ourang-outang, producing the lowest specimen of mankind ; I reflected upon the degraded state of those races, and the electric words of that great man whose picture looks so severely in the face from yonder wall came into mind, "*Thank God, I am an American !*" (Applause.)

'Twas the same in the Southern Ocean ; standing on the South Head, at the rock-bound gateway at Port Jackson, gazing seaward over the French colony of New Caledonia—over the Red Indians of New Zealand—running up the Derwent to Hobart-town—through the Tasmanian forests, where Sir John Franklin first lost his way, before on the other side of the world he lost it to return no more forever ; over to Launceston, where the convicts' chains grated on my ear, and some half a dozen murderers were swinging off together, I shuddered as I looked, and observing the shrunk and shrivelled aboriginals of Van Diemen's land on Flindar's Island, who, although so near the Australian borders, never saw

"The boomerang, which the Australian throws,  
Cut its own circle and hit you on the nose."

Nor had they ingenuity enough to make a canoe! their brain smaller than that of emu and kangaroo—I could but remember the genius of my countrymen, and say with Webster: “*Thank God, I am an American!*”

Onward, past King’s Island—where your clippers Whistler and Flying Arrow were dismasted—past Otway and Northumberland—into the Straits of Sunda—at Anger and Batavia—where I luxuriated in the mangostine, the banana, the masgar and the delicious fruits of Java—further on to Buitenzorg, where I saw the tomb of Lady Raffles, and graves that were fragrant with incense—where the cassowary and the tiger live and die in the jungle; but with all the beauty of the birds and beasts—with all the attractions of the fruits and odors of the flowers—with all the native grandeur of that Eastern Paradise, I noticed the primitive cultivation of the Malay, and the buffalo teams of the Javanese—saw that terrible weapon, the kriss, observed the cloudy mind of this old-fashioned race, and remembering my native land, I said, “*Thank God, I am an American!*”

Then I hurried on, past Rajah Brooks in

his colony of Sarawak in Borneo ; stopped to see the tin mines of Banca, owned by the brother of the King of Holland ; sang Hail Columbia when I saw the American flag at Sumatra ; paid my respects to the Governor of Singapore, and then hurrah for China, with all the ports from Hong Kong to the Hoang-Ho—from the Yang-tze-kang to Foo-chow-foo—all along the Asiatic shore, observing everybody and everything. I saw your beautiful clippers taking in the silks and tea. I saw the rice-fields irrigated to the mountain top, the rich mormo, the mulberry tree, and the tea districts ; the armed opium-clippers at Woosung, and the missionary village at Shanghae, and running down over Commodore Perry's track by Japan, Chusan, and Formosa, with monsoons, typhoons and water spouts for companions, I thought of the wonderful government that could bind together 400,000,000 of people, people who were civilized when our ancestors were savages, who understood the art of making gunpowder—printing on wood—the power of the magnet and the mariner's compass ; a nation of navigators and actors ; the most industrious race on the face of the globe. I gave them credit

for all this ; laughed at their funny ways, reversing everything even to fanning their faces and scratching their heads—(loud laughter.)—shaking hands with themselves instead of you—commencing the book at the end—reading up the page instead of across—putting eyes on their trunks—wearing tales two yards long—eating with chopsticks—commencing their dinner with the dessert and ending with the soup—using small pieces of tissue paper for napkins, and bringing their wine on in tea cups, hot. I observed all these peculiarities, and gave them every credit for honor and integrity in their mercantile transactions, their wonderful industry, their care of father and mother. But when I looked round in vain to find the footprint of Anglo-Saxon progress, no telegraphs, no railways, no steamboats, how could I help repeating with yon great man, “*Thank God, I am an American!*” (Cheers.)

Ten years later, Americans and Englishmen may be drinking sherry cobbles, and singing Saxon songs at Pekin.

’Twas the same in Hindostan. I saw the Sepoy army, I talked with Lord Canning and Lord Dalhousie, and was disgusted with the

his colony of Sarawak in Borneo ; stopped to see the tin mines of Banca, owned by the brother of the King of Holland ; sang Hail Columbia when I saw the American flag at Sumatra ; paid my respects to the Governor of Singapore, and then hurrah for China, with all the ports from Hong Kong to the Hoang-Ho—from the Yang-tze-kang to Foo-chow-foo—all along the Asiatic shore, observing everybody and everything. I saw your beautiful clippers taking in the silks and tea. I saw the rice-fields irrigated to the mountain top, the rich mormo, the mulberry tree, and the tea districts ; the armed opium-clippers at Woosung, and the missionary village at Shanghae, and running down over Commodore Perry's track by Japan, Chusan, and Formosa, with monsoons, typhoons and water spouts for companions, I thought of the wonderful government that could bind together 400,000,000 of people, people who were civilized when our ancestors were savages, who understood the art of making gunpowder—printing on wood—the power of the magnet and the mariner's compass ; a nation of navigators and actors ; the most industrious race on the face of the globe. I gave them credit

for all this ; laughed at their funny ways, reversing everything even to fanning their faces and scratching their heads—(loud laughter.)—shaking hands with themselves instead of you—commencing the book at the end—reading up the page instead of across—putting eyes on their trunks—wearing tales two yards long—eating with chopsticks—commencing their dinner with the dessert and ending with the soup—using small pieces of tissue paper for napkins, and bringing their wine on in tea cups, hot. I observed all these peculiarities, and gave them every credit for honor and integrity in their mercantile transactions, their wonderful industry, their care of father and mother. But when I looked round in vain to find the footprint of Anglo-Saxon progress, no telegraphs, no railways, no steamboats, how could I help repeating with yon great man, “*Thank God, I am an American!*” (Cheers.)

Ten years later, Americans and Englishmen may be drinking sherry cobblers, and singing Saxon songs at Peking.

’Twas the same in Hindostan. I saw the Sepoy army, I talked with Lord Canning and Lord Dalhousie, and was disgusted with the

red tapeism of the Honorable East India Company. The Punjaub horsemen were there and Burmese and Klings, Hindoos and Brahmins, a hundred thousand men. But I sickened at the sight of adjutant and carrion kites that hover round the dead upon the banks of the Ganges. I saw the bodies floating on the river, a species of human shrimp trap. I noticed the disgusting tortures of their Hindoo worship, saw their indigo plant and their opium cultivation. But my thoughts wandered far away from the land of Robert Clive and Warren Hastings, from the Black Hole and Surah-ul-Dowlah, to the land of the brave and the home of the free. I remembered that I was born in the shade of Faneuil Hall and said, "*Thank God, I am an American!*" (Loud applause.)

It was the same in Ceylon with the Singalese, in Africa with the Nubians and Arabs, from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean, from Moses in the bulrushes to Noah on Ararat; looking at those monuments of barbarism and man's vanity, the pyramids, I wondered how Pompey's pillar was raised, thought Cleopatra's the largest needle known, saw Said Pacha review his Egyptian army, was

hunted out of the seraglio gardens for daring to look into the harem by a lot of demons who seemed proud to think that they were neither man nor woman, stepped out of Egypt into Palestine, ran down to the Crimea, and back to Constantinople, where the Sultan, with national pride, pointed to his splendid regiments of Turkish troops, and asked if we had anything like them over the sea. I could but smile, for I remembered our standing army of a million of men, the American militia, the Massachusetts militia, the soldiers of my native city, so many of whose officers have gladdened our hearts at the festive board to-night. (Applause.) I looked at the Turkish army ; reflected upon the down-trodden land of the Moslem, where the harem eats up the taxes of the state, and steaming out of the Bosphorus, I could but remark, "*Thank God, I am an American !*" (Applause.)

Though speaking rapidly, my time is up, and yet I have not told half the story. When a man makes a point he should sit down, but I lack judgment in such things. When you tell me to go on, I think you mean it, and as we are not talking against time as they do in



Congress, I must hurry along the course, stop a moment in Italy, to look at the poor priest-ridden country, contemplate the land of Columbus, of Marco Polo and of Tasso, and hasten on through all the European lands—from Civita Vecchia to the Cattegat, from Gratz to Helsingfors, from Tipperary to Nijni Novgorod, from the Shagaret to Wiesbaden, from Cornhill to Cairo, from Moscow to Mantua—looking sharp at everything, seeing the Revolution in the faces of the people, observing the calm before the tempest, seeing humanity by the wholesale, and noticing the proportion that runs through nature. Remarking all this, how often have I compared my native land with those far-off countries ; thought of our free schools, our free church, our broad domain—I thought of you, General, and of our brave and steadfast militia, the guardians of the soil, our beautiful women and our manly men, and involuntarily said with the great statesman whose memory we have honored to-night, “ *Thank God, I am an American !*”

If other nations are so proud of their land, we have a right to speak of ours. Mackay uses strong language for Brother Jonathan :

“I feel the promptings of my youth  
That urge me evermore  
To spread my name—my race—my fame  
From shore to furthest shore.  
I feel the lightnings in my blood,  
The thunders in my hand,  
And I *must work my destiny*,  
Whoever may withstand.”

(Loud applause.)

Excelsior is our motto. Industry and honesty, our companions, and everlasting Union in our land, make a Siamese twin bond with every State. My namesake has alluded to the great names that once adorned our Senate. Carolina, Kentucky, and Massachusetts weep for their sons who have shed such a halo of fame around the flag we love so well.

“Lo, Carolina mourns her steadfast pine  
Which like a mainmast towered above the realm,  
And Ashland hears no more that voice divine  
From out the branches of her forest elm.  
Now Marshfield’s giant oak, whose snowy brow  
Oft turned the ocean tempest from the west,  
Lies on the shore he guarded long, and now  
Our startled eagle knows not where to rest.”

Once more, General, I thank you for your kind words, and you, gentlemen, for your warm welcome ; your applause thrills through

my blood, and in accepting it I can but say,  
“*Thank God, I am an American !*” (Cheers.)



(From the London Times.)

## ANNIVERSARY OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

THE 82d anniversary of the Declaration of the independence of the United States was celebrated by a banquet held last night at the London Tavern, and attended by about 150 American gentlemen resident in this metropolis. The dinner took place under the auspices of the American Association, a Society recently established in London, for the benefit of citizens of the States while sojourning in this country. The banquet was presided over by General Robert B. Campbell, United States Consul at London, on whose right sat Mr. Dallas, the American Minister; and among the company were—Mr. J. R. Croskey, Captain Mangles, M.P., Mr. R. W. Kennard, Dr. Charles Mackay, Mr. M. Marshall, Mr. P. N. Dallas, Mr. Benjamin Moran, Assistant-Secretary of American Legation, Mr. W. L.

Hurlbut, Mr. C. E. Morrell, Mr. Edward Noyce Browne, Dr. Ballard, Mr. George F. Train, Mr. Thornton Hunt, Mr. Whitehead, of New York, Dr. Holland, Mr. F. L. Campbell, Mr. John G. Elsey, Mr. William Milliken, Mr. Henry Kennard, Mr. Collie Grattan, Mr. John P. Kennard, Rev. G. A. Herklotz, Mr. James Samuel, etc., etc.

Letters of apology for non-attendance were received from the Hon. James T. Mason, American Plenipotentiary to the Court of France, from the principal American Consuls in the United Kingdom, from Mr. George Peabody, the Right Hon. Milner Gibson, and others. The room was tastefully decorated with the star-spangled banner and the union-jack, and over the President's table hung portraits of General and Lady Washington, and also an excellent likeness of Queen Victoria, graciously lent by her Majesty for the occasion. A group of ladies occupied the gallery after the dinner. . . . .

SPEECH AT THE LONDON TAVERN, JULY 5, 1858.

“Young America and Old England—divided in 1776, united in 1858.” Proposed by Robert William Kennard, Esq., of Eng-

land ; responded to by George Francis Train, Esq., of America, as follows :

Not to respond to such a sentiment, is not to appreciate it ; and not to appreciate it, is to be unconscious of its sterling merits, and your courtesy, Mr. Chairman, in giving me such a golden opportunity to tell you how proud I am to meet around this social board so many of my fellow-countrymen ; how proud I am to see with us so many loyal Englishmen—Englishmen and Americans alike charmed by the large-hearted eloquence of those who have so happily entertained us. No American, no Englishman could remain silent when his name is associated with a toast opening so wide, so generous a field.

'Tis difficult to decide where to take it up or where to drop it. Perhaps, as happy speeches and pleasant words will be the order of our mutual admiration society—for most societies of this nature are of that stamp—a good-natured comparison between our respective countries will be acceptable.

Young America desires to “make a clean breast of it,” and tell Old England a few plain facts.

America is misrepresented in England—"Hear me for my cause," and I will tell you how unfair it is, in our day and generation, for Englishmen to continue to judge Americans by the records of the police court.

Natural ties should make us natural allies—Young America is not more a muling puling babe than England is a "lean and slippered pantaloon"—the growing States composing our Federal Union, are not more coarse pieces of raw cotton woven into a winding-sheet, than the colonies and kingdoms of the British Empire are patches on a threadbare garment. As London is an aggregation of small towns and villages, so America is a union of individual states. (Applause.)

Think well of a man, and you will not easily be persuaded that he is wrong; prejudice, and you will always suspect him. The same applies in our estimate of nations.

Pervert history, misrepresent fact, and you poison the growing mind—the scarred sapling makes the crooked oak. For a long time, Americans have been caricatured by the English press, and when we shrink at the ridicule, we are called a thin-skinned people. *Punch* follows the *Times*—both are household

gods ; the people laugh and weep as their oracles dictate.

Here is their picture of a live American :—  
Slouched hat—lank hair—sallow face—striped pantaloons—swallow-tail coat—quid in mouth—whittling a stick—no spittoon on floor—brandy smasher on table—bowie-knife and *parish* tooth-brush in pocket—and revolver in belt. (Laughter.) Add a peculiar nasal twang, and place his feet on the mantel-piece, and you have the type of my poor fellow-countryman as portrayed to the good people of England—a caricature even worse than the Frenchman's burlesque of "John Bull." (Loud laughter, and no, no.)

One man is surprised that he speaks such good English, another that his complexion is so fair, while a third is astonished that his leg is not set in the middle of his foot, and that his hair, African like, does not take root and grow again like the banyan tree. (Laughter.) As sands make mountains, drops oceans, so do little cuts of ridicule create large wounds of irritation. Old customs, like old shoes, wear too easily to be readily thrown aside. Gowns, wigs, queues, the Lord Mayor's shows are prejudices too deep rooted to be

lightly cast off. So this constant misrepresentation of everything American settles in the mind of the child, and manhood refuses to dispel it. Neglected in infancy, oppressed in youth, ridiculed in manhood, yet we are accused of over-sensitiveness, of ingratitude, our faults exaggerated, but our virtues unextolled. This is not right. America and England must be friends or foes—like married life, either heaven or hell : there is no half way.

Free seas—free thought—free speech—free trade—free press are our common heritage : both are free in body—free in mind. (Applause.)

Steam, gas, and electricity are the “Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity” that mark the Anglo-American mind. The steam-whistle frights the owls that wink and doze the livelong day—the gas-light scares away the bats and rats of superstition and bigotry—while electricity sweeps off the cobwebs, the filth and rubbish of ignorance weighed down with wealth and vanity propped with titles. Knowledge is the antagonist of intolerance. Four score years and two have gone since mother and daughter separated. Those who



fought have passed away—the next generation have also departed, and the next are grey-haired men. Why should those who come later, our fathers, ourselves, our children keep alive the old sore? Days are ripples in life's sea—years, its heavy swells—while centuries are the storm-waves that wash away all living things. Almost a century has gone—steamships arrive and depart as regularly as the day; yet while America knows England, how little does England know of America. The child never forgets the associations of youth; but the parent sees the child married, and knows less of its future life.

'Tis only a week of generations since the pilgrims landed—less than a fortnight of them since Columbus crossed the Atlantic—that Mediterranean of the West—in an undecked boat. Time and tide are ever moving, and the mind of man has gone on apace.

The age of thought—the age of printing—the age of steam—the age of electricity is upon us. Letters are copied by press, not by hand, and chapters of the Bible can be sent from missionary at North Pole to heathen at South in minutes by the magnetic wire. The sap has ceased to flow from the

Asiatic tree of civilization : bamboo and twine are still the Chinaman's diamonds. The shipment of bishops, tracts, missionaries in the cabin, while you send opium, cannon balls, gunpowder, and rum, in the hold, is as absurd as the Malthusian doctrine, that the evils of society arise from pressure of population on means of subsistence. The Christian child knows more than the aged barbarian. (Applause.)

Ideas—not words, telegrams—not epistles, action—not talk, mark our day.

Too much reverence for the past blinds judgment, hampers independence, circumscribes originality. English statesmen of the Palmerstonian school, ever looking over the shoulder, think they can still drown America in a drop of ink, and crush her with a wafer. (Laughter.)

Old England, not contented with warring with six hundred millions of Buddah-believing, Confucius-following Asiatics, thinks she can distract the nation's mind from channel politics by secretly ordering a dozen or two ships overhauled belonging to her blood-relations, the Americans. Apologizing to a man for slapping him in the face may pacify the

affronted ; but does not remove the affront. If there were one drop of sense in the deluge of diplomatic words, we might hope to pluck the "nettle danger from out the flower safety." Statesmen should not forget that when Æsop's eagle stole the flesh from the altar, the adhering coal destroyed the nest of the royal bird.

'Tis time that the people of England should know the people of America. They are tired of seeing the diplomatic viper bite the diplomatic file. Three principles govern man—Reason, Love, and Force. Let us try the former two, we have had already too much of the latter. England may deal with Europe, Asia, and Africa as she likes—but she must remember that America is a chip of the old block. (Hear, hear.)

India, Australia, Gibraltar, Malta, Aden, Perim are some of the stolen gems that ornament the British Crown. (No, no.) If then Columbia casts an admiring eye towards Cuba, Central America, Mexico, the Sandwich Islands, 'tis only walking in the footprints of her illustrious predecessor. (Loud laughter.) England is the king of Filibusters—(Hengist and Horsa, the Saxon rob-

bers, were her models), America thus far is but a petty prince ; but when they filibuster between themselves, the Devil will be the standard-bearer.

British ideas are culminating in America. Is England fearful that the law of gravitation applies to nations ?—that the tree decays when the scion grows old—that a small leak neglected, sinks the large ship ?

America, remote from the extremes of effeminacy and barbarism—the shackles of despotism and the licentiousness of anarchy—undebased by abject poverty and uncorrupted by luxurious indulgences—believing in that friendship which multiplies joy and divides grief—America, once the hunting-ground of the savage and home of the wild beast—with unborn navies in her forests and in her iron mines—now peopled by “ a deluge of men driven by the hand of God ”—America, a joint stock company of independent states—without a decayed timber in her constitutional ship, gazing on the heaven-kissing monuments that mark her battle grounds—her pyramid of strength just commencing—the nation’s mind ever working, inventing, discovering, creating ; America may look upon

Continental Europe, with her monotonous treadmill of unrewarded labor, with her decaying soil and tottering institutions ; and so long as liberty and humanity continue the prey of despotism and cruelty, say to her that might makes right only when justice and mercy are observed, that war is bankrupt—a hopeless insolvent, not even worthy of a third-class certificate—that though Greeks, Romans, Persians, Goths, Vandals, Norsemen, Saxons, Normans, waded through seas of blood, civilized America and civilized England disdain to follow so barbaric an example. Thank God, instinct teaches the lion and the eagle not to prey upon each other ! (Cheers.)

The quadruped-walking—hand-looming—stone-rolling East cannot much longer withstand the terrible energy of the wheel-turning, electricity-talking, steam-acting West. In the former, labor makes man a slave—in the latter, man subjects labor. In Europe, nature is subservient to man—in Asia, man is subservient to nature. The whirl of the spindle—the industrious murmur of the boiler—the steady groan of the printing-press, indicate in the smoke and din of action that air and water, fire, steam, and electricity

are chained to man's will, and must obey the laws of mind over matter. (Applause.)

The darkness of night, the light of day, gaseous fluids, chemical attraction, tenacity, elasticity, heaven and earth, land and ocean, nature itself acknowledge man, under God, their master. Man cannot create matter, but man's mind puts matter into motion.

Discovery follows discovery, so rapidly that the edge of wonder is blunted by familiarity. It seems but the other day since the Royal Society laughed at Franklin's paper, but shortly after placed the lightning rods on the Royal Palace with blunted instead of pointed conductors, rather than copy the rebel philosopher. Fourteen years elapsed between the sailing of the first two Transatlantic steamships; the Savannah, in 1819, to Liverpool, and Royal William, in 1833, from Quebec to London. The Sirius, Great Western, Great Britain, and President were failures. Cunard, in '38, leased the race-course twenty years. But Dr. Lardner was right—without government support the enterprise would fail. A match in New York fires a cannon in China—a word in London

takes a loan in Oregon. Aladdin's lamp was nothing to the electric battery. Commerce and thought have superseded war and theology. Watt thought 27,000,000 lbs. steam raised one foot high with the combustion of a bushel of coals, extreme—now, it has reached 100,000,000 lbs. Formerly we went to church by postillion, road or canal—now by steam, or send regrets by telegraph. The past and present may be typified by the snail before the whirlwind. (Applause.)

The other day, while standing under the Pyramid of Ghizeh, which, Herodotus tells us, took 100,000 men twenty years to build, it occurred to me that four hundred tons of Newcastle coal would have elevated the entire material in as many weeks. Half that quantity would send a locomotive round the world in less than twenty days. Complete the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad, and you can go from the Hudson to the Mississippi in forty hours. Lay down the rail to California, and you fly over the Grand Trunk line, from ocean to ocean, in five days' time. In this age of wonder, the question arises—how soon will magnetism and electricity supersede coal and steam? Nature itself is

under terrible labor, for electricity is still a mystery, and discoveries may be close at hand overshadowing all that has gone before. Although six thousand years in finding the steam engine, ours may be looked back to as darkened age. The mysteries of the magnet—perpetual motion—why light and heat follow the sun?—the contents of water in the ocean surge—the quantity of electricity in the lightning flash—all these are still marvels behind a cloud. Some Carlylean, Emersonian thinker may soon flash an idea upon us which some Newton, Watt, Fulton, Stephenson or Morse may elaborate. Some of the greatest inventors of the world never knew churches or doctors, universities or professors, Latin or Greek, metaphysics or logic. Franklin printed ballads before signing contracts with kings. Who taught Moses?—who Job? Who was Homer's teacher?—who Shakspeare's? The abstract sciences were certainly not their preparatory studies. Columbus' discoveries were rewarded by chains—Scott's conquests earned him a court-martial. So the great inventors and benefactors of mankind die poor, while their successors reap the harvest.



As the library of the British Museum is made out of twenty-six letters, so all that is and has been since the experiments in the garden of Eden has been effected by ringing the changes on a few ideas. Hence, on occasions like this, a hundred thousand orators are ever overhauling the stock heroes, stock paintings, stock busts of the age since man was born red and died grey, for analogies when there is no analogy. The Greek and Roman republics were no more like ours than this age resembles theirs. Minerva sprang from the head of Jupiter, but Columbia has risen through space, climate, government to a magnitude that Europe may ask with Bulwer, "What will they do with it?" Those republics, those heroes were very respectable, but very old fogies. The stock heroes of the world are but mile-posts on the path of knowledge. Archimedes had genius, but no fulcrum; Galileo Galilei's opera glass was an electric light to a darkened era. Carlyle says of a German author of little repute now, but the best writer of his own time and country: "He reigned supreme, but like the night—in rayless majesty and over a slumbering people." Cleo-

patra drank dissolved pearls, and Vitellius ate millions in bird's tongues, but modern sovereigns build crystal palaces, and beautify their cities with their superfluous change. (Applause.)

Books record all that has been—with application, you can make a museum of the brain—a picture gallery of the memory. But take results, and you must admit that we have Christianized, mechanized, Anglo-Saxonized, accomplished more during the last quarter of a century than the whole eighteen hundred years since the Christian era. 'Twas only a few months before the battle of Waterloo, that the *Times* printed its first sheet, at the rate of 1,800 copies an hour, with self-acting, steam-propelled machinery (George Stephenson was working on his steam engine at the same time). Apple-gath increased the power to 2,400—but even in 1827 the new machines truck off but 4,000. But what is its power to-day? Their reporter is present, ask him? (Applause.)

America gathers moss with its rolling-stone American character is not an imitation, but a creation—not a copy, but an original. Her power is not in armies nor

armadas, but in railroad and schoolmaster—imports and exports. The Union's strength is in its length, and depth. You may bend, but you cannot break it. Cries of disunion dissolve like April showers or falling dew. When the storm rages, passengers are disturbed, but the sailors sing merrily and work the harder. Europe for three generations has called our plan of government a failure. But rain may descend, floods sweep, winds blow and beat in vain upon a Union founded on a rock. (Loud cheers.) There may be an occasional family jar 'twixt North and South on election days ; but our Constitution forbids divorce, and will, so long as there is more virtue than vice in man.

America is self-supporting—England is not. America goes abroad for luxuries—England for necessities. England must have our cotton, for her people must earn money to buy our corn. Like a man on the treadmill, England must keep her *spindles* moving. America is altogether—England is everywhere. America can shut the nation's door and fatten on her soil. Close England's gate and she must starve. In war, therefore,

America's loss would be trifling compared with England's.

There are two stages in life—progress and decay. Remain stationary, and you descend the ladder. The intermarriage of cousins destroys intellectual vigor, so the rigid observance of hereditary customs diminishes a nation's strength.

America's policy is peace. Thirty merchants in New York, on an important national question, can so act on public opinion as to control the executive when wrong. America has no foreign policy—why? Because she has nothing to back it—too busy to make a navy—too much work at home—besides too expensive. America despises war—considers navies and standing armies bad investments—they don't pay. Money at ten per cent. and war twice a century, shows loss of interest. America is entirely pacific, but, following Polonius' advice to Laërtes, will fight for honor, justice, home, if needful. When America becomes the university, the machine shop, the play-ground of tax-ridden Europe, she may change her tactics.

England's weapons were cheap labor—cheap money—America has taken out a pa-

tent for both. Since the crisis labor has fell fifty per cent., so has capital. America has abundance of work, abundance of food, abundance of schools, cheap living, and contentment. Ask her to show her fortifications and her garrisons ; she will point you to her churches, her schools and colleges for the one, and her ministers, her scholars and students for the other. England should respect her, else we must try a curb bit in a gentle way. The *Cruiser* must be *Rare(y)fied*. (Laughter.) America cannot longer be tied to her mother's apron string. She considers example better than precept. Our eagle, like your lion, goes alone. England's best sermon is a good example. America's policy is firmness without obstinacy—decision without offence. America must be in earnest. An elephant on a bridge should show no fear.

Young America considers the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, Washington's farewell address, Yankee Doodle, and the Bible, divine institutions. Life, liberty, and happiness, are the words in his Book of Life. Old England wraps himself in the "Red, White, and Blue ;" sings "God save the Queen," and swears by Magna Charta. The Scrip-

tures, the myriad-tongued Shakspeare, and Milton, are brave, bold words with both. (Applause.) Fearing God—loving truth, loving virtue—each should be happy. Shoulder to shoulder instead of back to back, England and America must ever move on. Two generals to one army—two admirals to one navy. Sun and moon must both shine. The only difficulty is, when two ride the same horse, who shall take the back seat? (Laughter.)

America is imbibing new ideas, new fashions, new notions. St. Peter's at Rome was sixty years in building; in our day a better structure could be erected in as many months. Our millions have been hard at work, cutting down forests, making roads, building churches, schools, factories, and residences. The Young American first bought a farm, then built a log-house—sold corn and made a railroad, launched a ship, built a mill, opened a counting-house and bank, engaged clerks, bought a set of books, and is now prepared to bid for the commerce of the world. To-day our population is 29,000,000. The same ratio of increase will give us 75,000,000 in 1900, and 200,000,000 a century hence.

America can grow 10,000,000 bales of cotton as well as 3,000,000. With no locks—no knockers on doors—no latch strings—no bells for visitors, no excise and sedition laws, America sends her card of invitation to all the world, and 4,000,000 accepted and have come over since 1844. Stop American cotton by war for twelve months, and the starving workman would do for the new parliament what Cromwell did for the old.

America is misrepresented in England. One point, and I will make way for more eloquent men. One other point, and although you may not all agree with me, I can only ask a hearing.

For many years it has been the popular belief that America has been using England's money. I think we can turn the tables, and prove that England has been using America's money. (No, no.)

Hear me for my cause. Take one interest, our iron-roads. While you have been building your Houses of Parliament, America has completed 28,000 miles of railway, costing in round numbers £300,000,000 (England's 9,000 miles have cost the same amount of money!)

Now, during the crisis, the entire debt of America to England, government, state, city, corporation, railroad, and individual obligations, much of which is not due for ten years, was £80,000,000, showing roads paid for by ourselves £220,000,000.

Three per cent. on £80,000,000 is but two and a half millions per annum. Reflect and you will admit that America has been the golden egg.

Who will pay the best dividends in the panic? America.

Who grows the cotton which you manufacture and resell to us? America.

Who purchases your rails, your cutlery, and your hardware in quantity? America.

Who takes your manufactured goods? America.

The value of ten cargoes of raw material you send to us in one of manufactured goods.

Or let me put it in another shape :

If England has not got a good share of her wealth from America, where has she obtained it.

From Canada? Cobden says not; but that she has been a tax of £2,000,000 per annum.



From Australia? British regiments there are paid for out of the British treasury.

From India? Wait till the £60,000,000 debt has been added to the national debt of England, and the mutiny bills are paid.

From China? In 1841 the exports were about a million. Seventeen years have gone and the exports show no increase, while imports have augmented from 30,000,000 lbs. of tea to 90,000,000; from 5,000 bales of silk to 95,000.

From Europe? Overhaul the disbursement bills of Wellington at Waterloo before you give a decided answer.

Where then?—from Greece?—from Peru?—from Mexico?—from Spain? Ask the brokers on the Stock Exchange.

Look over the tables carefully, and you will see how grossly in this matter America is misrepresented in England—Englisemen have looked through the eyes of Sydney Smith long enough.

These statements are true or false—right or wrong—fact or fallacy. Will some one correct me if in error? Trade knows neither friends nor foes; sell dear, buy cheap, was Peel's advice; America and England divide

commissions ; the profits on American trade have gone far to pay interest on the national debt.

I mention this to show that, when America and England lose temper, it is the right arm injuring the left. We shall stop the engines of the war-steamer with bales of cotton, fill the cannon's mouth with tobacco, and load the Enfields with corn. (Applause.)

America has been the shirt, pantaloons, and coat—everything but the hat and boots of John Bull. (Laughter.)

Take Glasgow—a Baillie Nichol Jarvie in size with America, but a lean Rob Roy without her—while red-faced Daniel Lambert, Liverpool, would be reduced to a Calvin Edson if deprived of the American trade. (Yes.)

England is the world's heart—its pulsations are felt everywhere—seas and rivers are the veins, and shed her blood to do honor to her ideas. Having for so long furnished brain for the whole world, she clings to old habits. While other lands were opening their eyes, England worked hard and got rich, and always preserved her nationality ;

while Spanish, French, Dutch, and Portuguese colonists intermarried with natives and lost their identity.

Tell an Englishman to improve upon his government, he will ask you to gild refined gold—color the violet—perfume the rose—but hope not to amend the constitution of this country. Why, then, should an American be blamed for having the same feeling of national superiority? (Applause.)

Dates make the African—rice the Asiatic; but the English and American eat beef—hence their iron character. This is an age of iron—iron roads, iron bridges, iron houses, iron fences, iron ships—nothing but the iron will of the iron Duke brought peace to Europe by sending Napoleon to St. Helena.

America has followed England abroad, and copied her at home so long (we are even indebted to an English nobleman for the arms on our national seal,); she has faith in our continuing the practice—she also had faith in the stability of the Indian army, when down it tumbled like Disraeli's opposition; faith in the solvency of her finance, when Lord Palmerston did for the "old

lady " what Lord John Russell did ten years before ; implicit faith in the honesty of her *coup d'état* special constable of 1848 ; and, as shown by the recent right of search movement, which Mr. Dallas has so eloquently told us is forever settled, in the unceasing faith and forgiving disposition of the Americans.

The ocean-spanning telegraph is the reversed rainbow that will bring the welcome news to your Queen—

" Old England, you are my friend and I am yours."

" YOUNG AMERICA."

Four hours before the writing of that despatch, this reply will be handed to the President :

" Columbia—forget and forgive. What God has joined together let no man put asunder."

With the simple addition—

" What is the price of cotton ?

" BRITANNIA."

While the mechanical *wire pulling* of the national war frigates has failed to unite us, our ambassador tells us that the diplomatic wire pulling has been more successful. The

news has this moment reached us that while nothing could check the *Falls of Niagara*, *Agamemnon* did not display his usual magnanimity! But, like our diplomatic ruptures, the suspension must be temporary. We shall succeed. (Applause.)

“Oh America! America!” said an eloquent son of France, “with thy ‘Far West’—with thy prairies without limit—with thy forests compared with which ours are but as clusters of trees—with thy lakes, vast as our seas—with thy cataracts and abysses—America! with thy growing industry, with thy indomitable spirit of enterprise, and the superb and insolent daring of thy children—Oh! there is in thee, thou new world, in thy new race, and thine adolescence of nature, something which attracts as the sun, as the future, as the mysterious! From the over-populated shores of the old world what thousands of desires are directed to thee, thou land boundless and free! I picture thee to myself, America, opening thine arms to the hungry, the outcast, the hopeless, and the wretched of all nations, and exclaiming ‘Come ye! come ye! I have space for ye! I have for ye land and sea, and woods and rivers! I

have iron for ye and lead ! I have work, I have bread, I have air, and ye may breathe ! I have gold and ye may be enriched ! Cast off your shoes and shake off the dust of the old world ! Come and refresh yourselves in the living waters of nature !' " (Cheers.)

Again thanking you for your warm-hearted expressions of approbation, which are my excuse for having encroached upon the ten minutes allowed me, will you permit me to give the following sentiment :

" The Anglo-American, a new edition of the Anglo-Saxon race, in a binding peculiar to the new world." (Applause.)



## OPINIONS OF THE ENGLISH PRESS.

(London Times.)

MR. TRAIN concluded an eloquent speech amidst loud applause.

(From Northern Times, Liverpool, July 1858.)

YANKEE AND ENGLISH GREATNESS CONTRASTED.

It is at all times a most refreshing treat to peruse the speech of an orator, and an original thinker. But when the subject is one which contrasts England with America, and sets forth the amount of dependence which each power exercises upon the other, the pleasure of hearing or perusing such an oration is doubly interesting and attractive. Our readers had an opportunity of perusing such an oration yesterday. The speech of Mr. G. F. Train, at the London dinner, in celebration of Independence day, was given *in extenso*, and has no doubt gratified and pleased all who have gone through the able and eloquent remarks of the gifted speaker. Mr. Train's theme was one that was well calculated to draw forth all his powers, viz., "Young America and Old England, divided in 1776, united in 1858." What mighty reminiscences did these words call forth. A history of America and her onward progress, and the giant strides she has made as an agricultural, mechanical, scientific, and commer-

cial nation. Well indeed might he exult upon that progress, and hold up the United States to the admiration and envy of the world ! The progress of America has been not only rapid, but solid and substantial. But pleasing as were the observations on this head, Mr. Train's remarks as to the duty of America and England towards each other were peculiarly acceptable, and showed that the orator was a Cosmopolite in the real sense of the word ; that he loved his native land, but was not less sensible to the honor, dignity, and power of Britain. He might certainly have extolled Young America, and been less sarcastic upon British dependence upon the United States. It is true we require her cotton, but our manufactures are no less imperative for her numerous sons and daughters. Hence it is that, as Mr. Train properly remarks, " shoulder to shoulder instead of back to back, England and America must ever move on. This is a sentiment worthy the loftiest statesman of either country. We have never perused a speech with more unabated interest than the one under consideration. It meets the earnest consideration of the people of both countries. If liberal and enlightened



sentiments like these promulgated by Mr. Train were oftener put forward, much and lasting good would be the result. Of course, we do not indorse all his ideas ; that, however, does not prevent us from relishing their originality, and asking our readers to ponder over all he has to say on the important topics which he discussed.

(Liverpool Albion, July, 1859.)

“ EXPRESS TRAIN.”—The most intensely Yankeeified stump orator of the night (celebration of American Independence in London) was a gentleman, named Train—(well called Express Train by Charles Mackay, who came after him.) Answering to the toast of Young America, proposed by Mr. Kennard, he screwed down the safety valve, poked up the fire, and boiled off at a gallop at annihilating velocity, on the contents of the “ Encyclopædia Britannica,” “ Johnson’s Dictionary,” and other miscellaneous receptacles of human knowledge. Charles Mathews, Albert Smith, and Spurgeon, rolled into one would be a very slow coach indeed beside Train, who was at last suddenly pulled up by the toastmaster coming from the chairman, and

telling him to "cut it short," which Train did ere long, but not till he had got a good deal further, by which time he had wrought his countrymen to the seventh heaven of ecstasy with his encomiums on the paradise called the United States, and leading them to believe that it was quite a mistake on the part of the angels to reside in a celestial sphere, instead of locating themselves on the Delaware or Mississippi, and cultivating their wings from the Ohio quill market.—*London correspondence of the Birmingham Journal.*

(Paris correspondent of the New York Herald, July 1858.)

The celebration of the eighty-second anniversary of American Independence has been marked on either side of the British Channel by one of those trifles which—in themselves light as air—sometimes excite important comment in reflecting minds. The speech of Mr. Train, notwithstanding its rhapsodical character, is faithfully recorded in all the French journals ; and though the ministerial journalists abstain from comment, it is evident they consider the delivery of such a speech, on an occasion so special, as an interesting fact. Besides, in stating that England

has been and is the king of filibusters—that India, Australia, Gibraltar, Malta, Eden, and even Perim are examples of it—Mr. Train has uttered a sentiment to which there are millions in France who give their assent.



*Correspondence between the Foreign Affairs committee of Sheffield, England, and Mr. George Francis Train, of America.*

FOREIGN AFFAIRS COMMITTEE,  
*Sheffield, July 13th, 1858.*

SIR: This committee have read your speech at the "Anniversary of American Independence" with deep alarm.

As a justification of American filibustering, you instance the acts of England in stealing "India, Australia, Gibraltar, Aden, Perim," etc. For these acts England will certainly meet, sooner or later, with condign punishment. The scriptural denunciation and imprecation must ring in the ears of every honest man: "Cursed be he who removeth his neighbor's landmark, and all the people shall say, Amen. Cursed in the city and in the field, cursed in basket and store, curst

when thou goest out," etc. England by these successive acts of piracy has destroyed her honor and character, the only true foundation of a state, and her position is similar to that of Rome immediately before its downfall.

It is therefore with deep regret that the committee see America following in England's footsteps. If America wickedly persists in this course, her downfall will be more rapid than her rise.

Let all friends of America remember and call upon their Senate to be guided by the words of that eminent writer on International Law, Grotius: "A people violating (even for their profit) the laws of nature and of nations, do but pull down the bulwark that secures their own peace and safety."

I have the honor to be,

Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

C. NUTTALL,

*Secretary.*

G. F. TRAIN, Esq.

34 GREAT GEORGE STREET, WESTMINSTER,  
*London, July 15th, 1858.*

MY DEAR SIR : Your courteous letter deserves a prompt reply.

My remarks at the Anniversary Banquet, as you interpret them, may well have occasioned the comments you have made. While, however, confirming what I said, I regret the view you take of it. A word of explanation is due to you, and will place me in a fairer light. My argument was that, socially, commercially, financially, politically, America was grossly misrepresented in England. By calling plain things by their proper names, it was my desire to remove, as far as one individual among the millions was capable of doing, some of the prejudices which have arisen. Let us state one or two of them.

First—*Socially*. Forgetting that twenty years bring changes which are worthy of respect, the English people continue to see America through the very funny, very sarcastic, and very exaggerating eyes of Marryat, Dickens, Trollope, and Punch.

Truth is more palatable than fiction. Humanity courts praise if deserving, if not, of

course, censure follows. If right, the former—if wrong, the latter. As England never praises America, the English people naturally think the Americans in the wrong. Hence the misconception.

Second—*Commercially*. England and America are mutually bound in their trade with each other by an annual bond of one hundred millions sterling to keep the peace. The obligation is mutual—not pounds with England, pence with America—beams on one side, motes on the other—but a Siamese-twin relationship; cut the bond, and both suffer. John Bull stands six feet two in his own estimation, while Jonathan is but two feet six! Subtract from John, add to Jonathan, and their respective statures will be better understood. Palmerston and Buchanan are about the same proportions. Young America stands equally well with Young England.

Third—*Financially*. England having looked through Sydney Smith's spectacles for fifteen years, magnifying financial mole-hills into financial mountains, I move that she smash the reverend gentleman's glasses, and, for the future, use her own eyes, so that she

may judge freely of a land from which she has been enriched.

Lastly—*Politically*. Palmerston, Shaftesbury, Brougham, Oxford have sworn the horse is “eighteen feet high” for so many years in the Wilberforcian Emancipation Scheme, that they are ashamed to acknowledge their error. “Guilty or not guilty?” asked the judge. “How can I tell till I have heard the evidence,” responded the Irishman. Every day public opinion gives evidence against their exploded idea, yet they are willing to chance the involving of *sixty millions of very respectable white people* in the horrors of war, in order to force the execution of their philanthropic plans in liberating *as many hundred blacks!*

Consistency is a jewel!—jewels are rare. “To err is human, to forgive divine.” Let these statesmen own their mistake, and America will be most forgiving.

They would sacrifice *their own cousins, the Americans*, in trying to improve the condition of their certainly *very distant relations, the Africans!* To become benefactors of the *blacks*, they would be malefactors of the *whites!*

Public opinion has prepared a mine under Exeter Hall, and since the *Times* has examined more clearly American affairs, they hold the fuse in their own hands. Prepare for a splendid illumination, when the fabric, so ancient and honorable, of mistaken philanthropy explodes.

The above are some of the points, if the good people of England will argue fairly, and discuss good-naturedly, which will prove that America is neither a monster nor a myth!

Having defined my position, I return to your peace platform. In alluding to England's acquisition of India, Australia, Gibraltar, Malta, Aden, Perim, I did not say, nor did I recommend, that America should follow the same course with Cuba, Central America, Mexico, and the Sandwich Islands. What I did say, was that if America pursued a similar plan, "*she would only be following in the footsteps of her illustrious predecessor.*" That England was the King of Filibusters—America but a petty prince. You observe where I have been misrepresented.

When America requires territory, so far as the *morale* is concerned, you may rest assured



she will improve upon England's system. *There's wide difference between plucking green apples from our neighbor's tree, and accepting ripe fruit when they make you a present of it.*

A white man and a red man, agreeing to divide their game, shot a turkey and a buzzard. Said the former to the Indian, "You take the buzzard, and I'll take the turkey, or I'll take the turkey and you take the buzzard." The disgusted hunter simply remarked, "You don't say turkey to me once." The ancient anecdote illustrates England's position towards America when the acquisition of territory is the diplomatic theme. America is satiated with buzzards and craves turkey, and as she is rich enough to be generous, she prefers to buy rather than take that which belongs to others. America is rich, Spain is poor; when she chooses she can turn Cuba into ready money. The quicker the better, for the times are changing.

Again, to the point. Peace at all cost, except national honor; that has been, - is now, and will continue to be America's policy, unless her national rights are trampled upon. Our history proves the truth of the

assertion. The wars of 1776 and 1812 England admits were just on America's part—unjust on England's. The mode of settlement of the Ashburton Oregon question—the Crampton enlistment question—and the recent right of search question, proves that America was right, England was wrong.

*America never filibusters.* She has never been, is not now, nor will she ever be, guilty of filibustering.

Was not Texas a part of the old French contract for Louisiana, which we *re-annexed* by consent of the people? Did not America conquer Mexico and then make the Mexicans a present of the conquered country? After paying her own expenses, did not the United States loan money to the Mexicans for the disbursements of their own army? New Mexico and California were received as indemnity for the past and security for the future.

*America never filibusters.* The Cuban expedition was planned and executed by foreigners. Lopez landed in Cuba, our Government trying in vain to stop him.

The Nicaraguan expedition was also the work of foreigners. The promptness with which the American Government (exceeding

the neutrality laws) arrested Walker and his followers, and brought them back to the United States, should convince you that America *never filibusters*.

Dickens says, "*all right*," in England, signifies "*go ahead*" in America; in some respects he may be right, but not on the filibustering question.

If I have succeeded in convincing you that America's policy is pacific, not filibustering, that the object of my remarks, on the Anniversary of American Independence, at the London Tavern, was to show how unfair it is for England to misrepresent their blood relations, the Americans—I say, if I have succeeded in either of these things, I am satisfied.

I believe with your Society, and with Channing, that "War is a great moral evil"—that "the field of battle is a theatre got up at immense cost for the exhibition of crime on the grandest possible scale." I consider that a soldier is a live target, put up by one nation for another to shoot at. This was so in the beginning, is now, and will ever be. Nothing can be more praiseworthy than your efforts to pacify the world. To

make war, nations Must have money ; but if you expect everlasting peace, you must prevail upon the Rothschilds, Barings, Hopes, and Steiglitzs of the world to cut off the supplies. Stop the pay, and soldiers and sailors must keep shops or go to farming.

Thanking you to point out where we disagree, you must believe me,

Most respectfully,

My dear Sir,

Your obedient servant,

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

C. NUTTALL, Esq.,

*Secretary of the Committee on Foreign  
Affairs, Sheffield.*



FOREIGN AFFAIRS COMMITTEE,  
*Sheffield, July 29th, 1858.*

SIR : This Committee did not write to you with the expectation of entering into a discussion on the subject of America. They addressed you in a solemn manner, on a most solemn subject, and they expected a very different reply from that they have received.

An answer to your letter would be sure to result in a lengthy and useless discussion.

the neutrality laws) arrested Walker and his followers, and brought them back to the United States, should convince you that America *never filibusters*.

Dickens says, "*all right*," in England, signifies "*go ahead*" in America ; in some respects he may be right, but not on the filibustering question.

If I have succeeded in convincing you that America's policy is pacific, not filibustering, that the object of my remarks, on the Anniversary of American Independence, at the London Tavern, was to show how unfair it is for England to misrepresent their blood relations, the Americans—I say, if I have succeeded in either of these things, I am satisfied.

I believe with your Society, and with Channing, that "War is a great moral evil"—that "the field of battle is a theatre got up at immense cost for the exhibition of crime on the grandest possible scale." I consider that a soldier is a live target, put up by one nation for another to shoot at. This was so in the beginning, is now, and will ever be. Nothing can be more praiseworthy than your efforts to pacify the world. To

make war, nations Must have money ; but if you expect everlasting peace, you must prevail upon the Rothschilds, Barings, Hopes, and Steiglitzs of the world to cut off the supplies. Stop the pay, and soldiers and sailors must keep shops or go to farming.

Thanking you to point out where we disagree, you must believe me,

Most respectfully,

My dear Sir,

Your obedient servant,

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

C. NUTTALL, Esq.,  
*Secretary of the Committee on Foreign  
Affairs, Sheffield.*



FOREIGN AFFAIRS COMMITTEE,  
*Sheffield, July 29th, 1858.*

SIR : This Committee did not write to you with the expectation of entering into a discussion on the subject of America. They addressed you in a solemn manner, on a most solemn subject, and they expected a very different reply from that they have received.

An answer to your letter would be sure to result in a lengthy and useless discussion.

If the Committee possessed any desire for such a discussion, they feel they would be neglecting their duty in gratifying it. Their time must be devoted to the saving of England from nets which have been prepared for it by a Russian Cabinet and an English statesman, and of which this and many other similar Committees have, through laborious study, made themselves acquainted with.

I have the honor to remain,

Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

C. NUTTALL,

*Secretary.*

G. F. TRAIN, ESQ.,  
etc. etc. etc.

P.S.—We are not, as you imagine, a society that calls for peace at any price—we only protest against *unlawful* warfare.

(From the London Times.)

## THE UNITED STATES.

*To the Editor of the Times :*

‘ WE had planted thirteen colonies in that country ; those colonies had declared their independence, and had since increased to the number of thirty-five or thirty-six free States.’

Again,

“ In the meantime the Americans had increased from thirteen to thirty-six independent States ”—Extract from the *Times*’ report of Mr. Roebuck’s speech on the Hudson’s Bay Company.

---

SIR : Will you permit me to hand you the inclosed list of States now composing the American Union, the publication of which may dispel any doubt as to their number ?

| Name.              | By whom Settled.  | Date. |
|--------------------|-------------------|-------|
| Virginia.....      | The English.....  | 1607  |
| New York.....      | The Dutch.....    | 1614  |
| Massachusetts..... | The Puritans..... | 1620  |
| New Hampshire..... | The Puritans..... | 1623  |



If the Committee possessed any desire for such a discussion, they feel they would be neglecting their duty in gratifying it. Their time must be devoted to the saving of England from nets which have been prepared for it by a Russian Cabinet and an English statesman, and of which this and many other similar Committees have, through laborious study, made themselves acquainted with.

I have the honor to remain,

Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

C. NUTTALL,

*Secretary.*

G. F. TRAIN, Esq.,  
etc. etc. etc.

P.S.—We are not, as you imagine, a society that calls for peace at any price—we only protest against *unlawful* warfare.

(From the London Times.)

## THE UNITED STATES.

*To the Editor of the Times :*

‘ WE had planted thirteen colonies in that country ; those colonies had declared their independence, and had since increased to the number of thirty-five or thirty-six free States.’

Again,

“ In the meantime the Americans had increased from thirteen to thirty-six independent States ”—Extract from the *Times*’ report of Mr. Roebuck’s speech on the Hudson’s Bay Company.

---

SIR : Will you permit me to hand you the inclosed list of States now composing the American Union, the publication of which may dispel any doubt as to their number ?

| Name.              | By whom Settled.  | Date. |
|--------------------|-------------------|-------|
| Virginia.....      | The English.....  | 1607  |
| New York.....      | The Dutch.....    | 1614  |
| Massachusetts..... | The Puritans..... | 1620  |
| New Hampshire..... | The Puritans..... | 1623  |

| Name.               | By whom Settled.     | Date. |
|---------------------|----------------------|-------|
| New Jersey.....     | The Dutch.....       | 1624  |
| Delaware.....       | Swedes and Danes...  | 1627  |
| Maryland.....       | Irish Catholics..... | 1635  |
| Connecticut.....    | The Puritans.....    | 1635  |
| Rhode Island.....   | Roger Williams.....  | 1636  |
| North Carolina..... | The English.....     | 1650  |
| South Carolina..... | The Huguenots.....   | 1670  |
| Pennsylvania.....   | William Penn.....    | 1682  |
| Georgia.....        | The English.....     | 1733  |

The "Declaration of Independence" of the above (the original) thirteen States was made on the 4th of July, 1776.

"Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union of the United States of America" were agreed to by State delegates on the 15th of November, 1777.

Articles ratified by eight States on the 9th of July, one ditto on the 21st of July, one ditto on the 24th of July, and one ditto on the 26th of November, 1778; one ditto on the 22d of February, 1779; and the last one on the 1st of March, 1781.

Constitution went into operation, and first Congress held at Federal Hall, New York, on the 4th of March, 1789; Washington entered on Presidential duties on the 30th of April, 1789.

| Name.                        | When admitted<br>into Union. |
|------------------------------|------------------------------|
| Vermont.....                 | 1791                         |
| Kentucky.....                | 1792                         |
| Tennessee .....              | 1796                         |
| Ohio.....                    | 1802                         |
| Louisiana.....               | 1812                         |
| Indiana .....                | 1816                         |
| Mississippi.....             | 1817                         |
| Illinois.....                | 1818                         |
| Alabama .....                | 1819                         |
| Maine.....                   | 1820                         |
| Missouri.....                | 1821                         |
| Arkansas.....                | 1836                         |
| Michigan .....               | 1837                         |
| Florida.....                 | 1845                         |
| Texas .....                  | 1845                         |
| Iowa .....                   | 1846                         |
| Wisconsin .....              | 1847                         |
| California .....             | 1850                         |
| Minnesota.....               | 1858                         |
| Kansas (conditionally) ..... | 1858                         |

Making 33 States, instead of 36, as mentioned by Mr. Roebuck.

Oregon, Washington, Utah, New Mexico, and Nebraska are represented in Congress as Territories, not yet having been organized as States. Arizona also waits outside.

Most respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

34 GREAT GEORGE STREET, WESTMINSTER,

*July 21st.*

*Remarks made at a Public Meeting held at Mansfield, Ohio, Nov. 1858, to meet the President, Directors, and Agents for Foreign Bondholders of the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad—Judge Bartley in the chair.*

FROM childhood I pictured in my fancy the sunny skies and fair gardens of Italy, and poets, painters, sculptors, ancient heroes grew in my young imagination to such uncouth sizes, that when I went to Rome, the vision vanished, and I came away disgusted—disgusted that Americans should ever ring the praises of a land so far inferior to their own.

Those who have so eloquently preceded me have introduced my name with so many words of commendation—saying so many flattering things for “Young America”—that I fear you will be greatly disappointed.

Judge Bartley knows the enterprise, and he ought to be a good judge. (Laughter.) He tells you that everybody is in earnest, and that at last you are to have a road.

General Ward ventilates the subject with his usual toast, turning it on every side, and showing off its points as he knows so well how to do.

Mr. Kennard, whose name preceded him as an eminent engineer, has plainly told you ; that he believes the road one that bids fair to be the best in the country.

Mr. Doolittle speaks as he contracts, with knowledge and with ability. Succeeding in all his other roads, he feels his strength, and tells you that in this he knows no such word as fail.

The Directors, each in turn, have entertained you with their experience and opinions; yet, notwithstanding, the aforesaid speakers have covered all the ground in the argument—surveyed the line—completed excavations—furnished grading—built bridges—ballasted road—placed sleepers, and laid down rails (I was going to say, done all the heavy work)—they call upon me at the last hour as a kind of accommodation Train ! (Laughter.)

Now is it fair to ask me to speak on a theme after a dozen speakers have chosen all the strong points, and exhausted the entire question, leaving me absolutely nothing to say ?

What am I to talk about ? I can make a speech on any question at two minutes' no-

tice ; but in this case, name your subject, for it seems to be a settled thing that I am to talk to you.

If I commence saying how much I think of the West, how astonished I am at its herculean growth, how ennobling is its wonderful activity, you will call me a politician ; and never having voted—nor taken sides—nor talked politics, that would be indeed too bad. (Laughter.) No matter, I shall talk about those western lands. I am full of admiration at the terrible energy that has swept forests from the Indian's hunting-ground, and built up such gigantic cities over the footprints of the red man's moccasin.

Something strikes me anew at every turn. When I see so many towns and cities born in a single generation, I may need lose myself in amazement in reflecting on the future.

Men of the West, I look upon you who have hewn your pathway through woodlands into populous cities, as the heroes of the country.

You have taken away not only the larger part of our capital, but have also been draining us of our brains. Observation has pointed

out one thing—you have, in this part of the country, magnificent heads, but shocking hats—(roars of laughter)—rusty-looking garments, but herculean frames.

The inner, not the outer man commands your respect—worth makes the man, and he who had the moral courage to leave his eastern home, and with that peculiar-shaped axe (which Talleyrand, in New England, said would hew a nation out of the western world), on shoulder, penetrates into the western wilderness, and with nothing but the light of heaven above, nothing below but the hum of insects, the song of birds, the chirping of squirrels—nothing but the denizens of the forest, and the whistling of winds through the branches to cheer him on his manly task; the man who, in this hermit solitude, strikes home his axe into the hard wood, and chip by chip cuts him down a tree, the fall echoing and reëchoing like an avalanche—then another and another till he has cleared himself a farm and built him up a log cabin; that man whose energy and industry chains him to the solitary spot till other cabins spring up around, and by and by he sees about him a school-house, a college and a church—I say, that man



whose strength of body and force of mind remains digging in the soil till the little township widens and embraces a city, and a city like Cincinnati with its 240,000 citizens—yes, that man whose patience and perseverance has accomplished all this in his day and generation, possesses all the elements of the hero! (Loud applause.)

Were he a soldier he would have crossed the bridge of Lodi—or faced the guns at Bala-klava. As a statesman he would have been a Chatham or a Metternich—so, as the axeman of the backwoods, he has worked out the destiny of his race. (Applause.)

Keeping the commandments, he is a greater man than Moses—till he kills an Egyptian and takes jewels that belong to others; and having been faithful to one wife, he is a wiser and better man than Solomon. (Laughter.)

Can you believe for a moment that men who have done so much have not the force to finish a railway?

Are you tired? (No, go on.) Do you really wish me to go on? (Yes.) On what? (On the railway.) Very well; just ring the bell when you wish to shut off steam

(laughter), for I like this stump speaking, and under the stimulating influence of your enthusiasm, I could run all night without getting off the track.

Well, I am delighted with the road, and I am convinced that it is one of the roads; foot by foot we have gone through New York State—through Pennsylvania (which the general says was most unjustly abused by Sydney Smith), and so far on our journey through Ohio, and most gladly assure you, we have found the statements made by your president and Mr. Doolittle accurate in every particular.

They have underrated its merits because they did not appreciate its value.

We have been three weeks on the way, through snow and hail and muddy roads, with all storm and no sunshine; but to-night the winter of our discontent is made glorious summer by this most enthusiastic reception! (Applause.)

This crowded—this cheering audience gives the lie to the base slander that there was no life along the line. Why, gentlemen, you cannot credit the calumnies that were circulated against the railway on the other

side the sea. 'Twas no manly opposition. but the backhanded stroke of the Thug.

One man called it the fifth wheel of a coach. (I intimated that it would be useful in case the fourth wheel wanted repairing, and that I saw a fifth wheel on all the artillery wagons in the Crimea.) (Laughter.)

Another said, we might as well build a railway to the moon! (Why not, if it would pay?)

Some said there were too many roads already in Ohio, forgetting that the leading lines from the West to East passed directly through the State. They forgot that it was in the middle—a toll-gate for the States on both sides—a half-way station.

They forgot that Ohio, with 2,350,000 population, has but 2,800 miles of railway—while Illinois has 2,600, with only 1,500,000 inhabitants!

Others testified that we had no charter—no survey—no subscriptions—no grading—no money paid in—nobody knew the directors, and that everybody repudiated the affair along the line. All of which I have found unqualified falsehoods. (Applause.)

On the contrary; we find a comparatively

level country—fine grazing and agricultural lands—neat farms—trim cottages—growing villages and flourishing cities—we find all hands on deck—all wide awake.

We have had meetings like this in village after village, and the Pennsylvanians already have subscribed over \$300,000 in place of the Crawford County Bonds—all are for the road—we have not heard one dissenting voice. Are there any here who wish to give up the ship? (No.)

Will you pay the balance of your subscriptions? (Yes, and as much more.)

This, Mr. Chairman, does not look like repudiation! and this is the way that we have been met from day to day.

At *Akeon* the millers met us and were prepared to enter into an annual contract with us take all their flour over our road to the eastern market. They make 1,500 barrels per day!

The drovers wait upon us and say that the narrow gauge is not the thing for cattle—but as water and fodder find ample room in the broad gauge car, they would not only send their cattle, but would pay better prices to get them to market over a road where there

side the sea. 'Twas no manly opposition. but the backhanded stroke of the Thug.

One man called it the fifth wheel of a coach. (I intimated that it would be useful in case the fourth wheel wanted repairing, and that I saw a fifth wheel on all the artillery wagons in the Crimea.) (Laughter.)

Another said, we might as well build a railway to the moon! (Why not, if it would pay?)

Some said there were too many roads already in Ohio, forgetting that the leading lines from the West to East passed directly through the State. They forgot that it was in the middle—a toll-gate for the States on both sides—a half-way station.

They forgot that Ohio, with 2,350,000 population, has but 2,800 miles of railway—while Illinois has 2,600, with only 1,500,000 inhabitants!

Others testified that we had no charter—no survey—no subscriptions—no grading—no money paid in—nobody knew the directors, and that everybody repudiated the affair along the line. All of which I have found unqualified falsehoods. (Applause.)

On the contrary, we find a comparatively

level country—fine grazing and agricultural lands—neat farms—trim cottages—growing villages and flourishing cities—we find all hands on deck—all wide awake.

We have had meetings like this in village after village, and the Pennsylvanians already have subscribed over \$300,000 in place of the Crawford County Bonds—all are for the road—we have not heard one dissenting voice. Are there any here who wish to give up the ship? (No.)

Will you pay the balance of your subscriptions? (Yes, and as much more.)

This, Mr. Chairman, does not look like repudiation! and this is the way that we have been met from day to day.

At *Akeon* the millers met us and were prepared to enter into an annual contract with us take all their flour over our road to the eastern market. They make 1,500 barrels per day!

The drovers wait upon us and say that the narrow gauge is not the thing for cattle—but as water and fodder find ample room in the broad gauge car, they would not only send their cattle, but would pay better prices to get them to market over a road where there

were so many pastures for feeding. They are tired of sending cattle forty-eight hours without food.

The farmers met us and complained of having to cart their butter, their cheese, their corn and their fruit, their sheep, their hogs and their timber, all the way to the lake for want of a nearer outlet. All indorsed the road.

The howling of the malcontents has ceased.

"Who is dead?" asked a gentleman of a chapter and verse Hibernian.

"I don't know," said Paddy, "but suppose it is the gentleman in the coffin!" (Loud laughter.)

There I think is where you will find the opposition.

Shall I continue? (Yes.) But there are other speakers to entertain you. There is Bob Schenck, the eight-year M. C.—the Minister to Brazil—who I heard complimented at Melbourne, Australia, by Sir Charles Hotham, when envoy to Brazil. At that time I did not expect to met him in the West.

There is Sherman, your member of Con

gress, whom I last saw at the dinner given at Washington last winter, to the poet editor Mackay.

Those men are born speakers, and I am already crowding them for time. (No, no, go on ; tell us more about the railway.)

All right—consider me yours for ten minutes more, and when I get too fast put on the brakes. (Laughter.)

I am only surprised that the road was not finished years ago—for look at the map and you must admit that the Atlantic and Great Western is the Grand Trunk Line—others are but branches. This is the backbone—the other lines are but ribs. We seem to hold all the trumps and all the honors.

Let me show you some strong points in its favor. The Lake Shore stock is quoted at \$130, and bonds cannot be bought. The road has never paid less than 20 per cent. (in one instance it touched fifty).

Now does it not stand to reason that if that road shows 20 per cent., a line built directly alongside, by dividing the traffic under same tariff of prices, would pay 10 per cent., and ten per cent. is not a bad investment.



That line, you are aware, has nothing but the lake on one side, and passing through a sparse population, naturally little local traffic ; yet observe the dividend.

What, then, is a road likely to pay thirty or forty miles south of the shore, where the population on the line is equal to that of New Hampshire and Vermont, which States have 1,100 miles of railway, while you have not a single rail ?

Again, passengers prefer the broad gauge. The cars are wider—the motion more agreeable. Besides, you can move five miles an hour faster with less danger, thereby reducing the already most direct route from the Hudson to the Mississippi 200 miles.

Traffic moves East and West—not North and South.

Passengers go from Atlantic towards Pacific. Westward moves the star of empire, ever westward.

Complete this middle link, and you have a grand national broad gauge road from the Liverpool of the East, New York, to the London of the West, St. Louis, twelve hundred miles, making the largest railway in the world !

Arrangements will be made with the

North Atlantic Packet Line to book freight and passengers from Continental Europe and Great Britain direct to St. Louis. When the ships arrive at Jersey City, the *New York and Erie cars* pass them on to the *Atlantic and Great Western*, when the *Hamilton and Dayton* take them to Cincinnati, where the *Ohio and Mississippi* are ready to deposit them in St. Louis. Onward still they move! Already 180 miles of the Pacific road are completed west of St. Louis, and later on, under the rapid march of American energy, it will touch the Western Ocean!

Then comes consolidation of companies—till the Atlantic and Pacific road bridges a continent. The most gigantic enterprise on the face of the globe! (Loud applause.)

But come back to our argument.

Suppose a New Yorker is bound to Missouri. Trace him up the Hudson—change cars for ferry-boat, then take cars for Buffalo. Just as you are comfortably seated, change cars for Cleveland!—out you pack again, with shawls and carpet-bags—change cars for Cincinnati!—arrived there, wife and babies (if you are so fortunate as to possess those Christmas presents of a family man),

must be again trotted down with—change cars for St. Louis! (Laughter.)

Now I ask of you, who would hesitate for a moment as to route?

Will you go round about, ever changing, or take the lightning train?

The forty-hour express—the broad gauge line, where you need not take your shawl or carpet-bag from the seat you took at New York, till you arrive at St. Louis.

Of course, eastward passengers bound West, or western people going East, will naturally choose that route which gives the greatest speed with the most comfort for the least money.

Are the northern and southern lines afraid of competition?

Buy a trunk? said the merchant to the emigrant. What for? asked Pat.

“To put your clothes in.”

“To put me clothes in—what,” said he, and go naked!” (Laughter.)

Do the other companies fear that, now the *Grand Trunk* is to be finished, that they will go naked! (Loud laughter.)

No—there is room for all—live and let live. Fair play—that is the policy of manliness.

We have never decried our neighbor's project to bolster up our own; such niggardly conduct is unworthy and debasing. (Applause.)

Our road stands on its sterling merits.

How long have I been on my legs? My best arguments are still behind. (Go on, it's only ten o'clock.)

I was showing how the broad gauge would catch the passengers. How much more so would it control the freight?

Break of gauge reduces capacity of road.

Continued changes increase cost; price decides freight; no change reduces rate. Besides, shippers would pay more when satisfied that their goods will not be knocked from car to car—so often broken in the transit.

Freight and passengers passing East or West feed our road. For, as a leading iron master said to me in London: "Your road is the neck of the bottle."

"Yes," said I, "like the funnel of a tunnel—without a *tunnel*, a long bridge or heavy embankment.

We take the tolls; like the throat of a man, we can tax all that passes our way!

Take your map, and see if this road will

not catch much of the European imports to St. Louis, via New Orleans.

Cost and speed will rule it—a straight line will overshadow a triangular route.

It's an important connection for New York.

The Erie was opened by the President of the United States, amid gun-firing, band-playing, and speech-making, so national was the feeling. How much more national is it to finish the enterprise.

De Witt Clinton surveyed the route thirty years ago : read his report. Look again at the map. No wonder the New York and Erie and Ohio and Mississippi Companies are so anxious to see our road completed, for the connection is of vital import to both those roads.

Their stockholders and bondholders should be made aware of the life that this middle link will throw into those high costing operations. The New York and Erie saw its importance at the start, and contracted to give the Atlantic and Great Western ten per cent. of gross receipts, both ways, for five years.

The Broadway omnibuses usually pass the

New York Hotel full, so our road, commencing at New York, or St. Louis, picks up passengers on the route, and crosses our road with full cars. The same applies to freight.

Passengers pay best because they load and unload themselves.

Through traffic requires less handling, hence decreased expenses and increased dividends.

We shall try and make net receipts, not gross.

We did not come over to build your road on principles of benevolence and charity, but to make as much money as possible out of you in the shortest possible time. Our contracts represent bonds, not stock, yet bonds should be optionally convertible, as 20 per cent. is better than 7 per cent.

We are glad to find most of the heavy grading done ; nature has built the road—like the Illinois Central, in some cases you can lay down your rails on top of the grass. (Laughter.)

Our contracts were too binding to be broken by a breath of editorial wind, or banking-house envy. McHenry made his arrangements with Salamanca, two of the ablest men

in Europe. Two cargoes of iron are already in New York, and two installments of money are here, and I have bills of lading in my pocket of five more cargoes on the way. This warm indorsement of your Directors was not needed, yet such unanimous sentiments of earnestness ever insure success.

Associations make presidents, build railways, and create nations. 'Tis nature's law. Trees grow in forests ; birds go in flocks ; animals in herds ; fish in shoals ; insects in swarms ; so men, each working in concert, accomplish great results. Shoulder to shoulder, you could have built your road without a penny from abroad ; a short pull, a long pull, and a pull altogether would have done it. 'Tis the steady tramp of regiments that bears down the bridge. 'Twas the steel square of Wellington that made England's glory. But I for one am glad you came abroad for assistance. If you are satisfied in taking the money and iron, so are the capitalists of England France and Spain in furnishing it.

I am satisfied the road must pay.

"Are you the mate," asked a passenger of the cook.

“No, sir-r! I am the man what cooks the mate,” was the prompt reply. (Laughter.)

There’s plenty of *mate* in the colonel of our road.

In roaming through all the hemispheres, I have seen the ploughshares in the field, but have yet to find land that equals the natural wealth of this nation’s soil.

Nature’s banks never refuse to answer to their deposits—they pay compound interest every crop.

Way-worn, and body-worn, and carriage-worn, with more words shed than ink shed, we have made our way over the road, looking at your strange seven-rail fences; your ornamental stump hedges, as peculiar as your stump orators; your log-cabins, as national as your log-rolling, till we have been convinced that your political ironical railings, will soon be changed into a practical iron railway. (Laughter.)

Some giant flood must have covered this land. No little affair like that Araratian deluge, which cut through the Dardanelles and Bosphorus, lowering the Caspian and Black Seas, and raising the Mediterranean, but some hemispherical upheaving of the



waters—one wave making the Rocky Mountains, and another the Alleghanies, giving a thousand miles of Mississippian Valley to raise corn for all the world. A portion of the water passed down the great river to the Mexican gulf. The balance, after filling up the lakes, went to the Atlantic via the St. Lawrence.

Lake Erie was concaved to convex the land in Ohio. Hence this wonderful plateau, expressly made for the *Atlantic and Great Western Railway*. (Loud applause.)



*Remarks to the Scholars of the High School, Cleveland, Ohio, December, 1858.*

THE first inquiry I made on arriving in your city this morning, was in regard to your Common School system, and I am under many obligations to the kind friends who have so promptly brought me here.

There is a charm about the school-house that manhood's associations cannot shake away. Schoolboy impressions are lasting.

Life's storms seldom sever acquaintances

formed and friendships made during those happy years.

I love my schoolday memories, and having looked in upon the scholars of Asia, of Australia, of Africa and of Europe, I was curious to see the school system of the West.

Your Superintendent asks me to address you—most gladly I answer to the call; but what am I to say?

Like yourselves, I am still a scholar, but a few years your senior, and to tell you that I would be more studious had I again the chance, would be simply reëchoing what all say who have passed the Rubicon of youth. Were you to ask my advice, it would be study—study, and study hard.

You should play hard when you play, which expands the physical frame, so that you may study hard when you study, to expand the mental.

The galvanic battery in the stomach responds to the electric-telegraph in the brain. Physical exercise is essential to mental strength.

No more absurd idea can be promulgated than, that a child will injure itself by study. Never fear. The case is a rare one where a

delicate body is broken by an active mind—nature takes care of that.

If the mind gives way, 'tis because the body has been idle. Both must be active to give each force.

Therefore, by all means study, and study as though you meant it—whatever you do, follow the advice of Sheridan Knowles in your school-books.—BE IN EARNEST.

Your teacher apologizes for your voices not reaching across the room. There is no excuse for it; were it recess your laugh could be even heard on the other side the square. Then you are in earnest.

Why don't you read with the same enthusiasm?

All the world are not interested—yet you hesitate as if the nations depended on the trial.

Boys, when you snow-ball you enjoy it. You try to hit and get warm in the play. Why don't you read with the same life?

When you kick foot-ball, you show force—when you play base, you bat with energy—when you run, you do it with a will—when you jump—no matter what your play—you act as if in earnest.

Why not recite your lessons that way? Reflect on what I tell you ; let these words be ever in your mind—*Be in earnest*.

Those young girls show more enthusiasm when they buy a bonnet. They lay down the law with their little hands to the milliners as if their future happiness depended on the purchase. The ribbons must be arranged so—the flowers in this manner—the laces in that—and by four o'clock they must have it sent home. Then they are in earnest.

You should display similar action with your school-books. Your grammar lesson should claim equal attention ; you should be in earnest.

There is one thing I have noticed in talking with mankind. Every scholar feels, at some period of his youth, an intuitive knowledge of power over his neighbor—some instinctive feeling of strength—some internal consciousness of doing something better than his school-fellow. It may be physical superiority, it may be mental—poetry, perhaps, or music ; it may be history or mathematics—no matter what the faculty, 'tis a strange thing that father and mother cannot see it ; brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts, cousins,

school-mates, no immediate relative or friend detects any virtue in the genius—the talent, force, whatever it may be ; on the contrary, these kind jailers of our actions strive to crush out the spark, for fear of ridicule, or some other motive, thereby often blasting the ambition as with a mildew.

Stop that piano—don't laugh so loud—cease that singing. You cannot write poetry. Don't make a fool of yourself. Everybody is laughing at you. This is the usual encouragement for enthusiasm, and genius often tries in vain to struggle through the net-work.

Scholars, if any of you have been thrown off the track by advice, go back again. Don't give it up. 'Tis the strong point of your life. If based on a moral platform, it will lift you to your proper mark.

Think well of yourselves. 'Tis the way to command respect. If you assume too much you will find your level. Water will not run up hill. Holmes says, that when you drive your wagon of potatoes in a spring-cart over a rough road, he observes that the small potatoes always go to the bottom. Small logs get under large ones in the pond.

Large stones work through the smaller ones to the surface on the swampy highway.

Strike high. Know yourself, and always be in earnest. Look upward.

On a long range the hunter aims above the mark to hit it.

To get ten thousand dollars for your house you ask twelve, else they wish to buy for eight. Make your mark high. There is nothing like a noble ambition.

Your friends, in showing you your weak points, are oblivious to your strong points.

The black sheep is always seen in the flock. If the coffee is cold, no matter how hearty the breakfast, you don't like the hotel.

When three thousand people have cheered you, some friend will kindly inform you that he heard some say that you had made a fool of yourself.

"I saw 'derisive cheers' marked against your speech," said a friend.

"Yes," I observed, "but they were cheers, weren't they?"

Make up your mind what you intend to do and do it. Never fail to try.

Hold on—don't give up.

“Stick to your aim—the mongrel’s hold will slip,  
But only crowbars loose the bulldog’s grip;  
Small as he looks, the jaw that never yields,  
Drags down the bellowing monarch of the fields.”

Perseverance and will must accomplish.

Look at the mountains, your ideas become enlarged—mole hills lessen your conceptions.

If you gaze on shrubs, your ideas become shrubby. But look at oaks and your ideas become oaky.

Step by step, thought by thought, you can gain the prize. Study, and do it as earnestly as you eat.

“The giant pyramids of stone  
That wedge-like cut the desert airs,  
When nearer seen and better known  
Are but gigantic pairs of stairs.  
The distant mountains that uprear  
Their solid bastions to the skies,  
Are crossed by footpaths that appear  
When we to higher levels rise.  
The heights which great men reached and kept,  
Were not attained by sudden flight,  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night.”

I have great faith in your learning the simple branches before going beyond your depth in metaphysics.

I would have a scholar read well, and spell

well, understand the English grammar, geography, history, writing. I would have these studies well grounded in the mind, before taxing the brain with the higher flights of mathematics and the dead languages ; such studies are comparatively useless to the majority of minds.

This studying Latin ten years, as a key to languages, or to discipline the mind, has become irksome. Our age is too practical for such nonsense. Nine out of ten get nauseated, and the memory throws it overboard without a pang.

French, Spanish, German, are useful, and the mind's discipline is equally strong.

No man can quote Latin in society without being called pedantic ; and I assure you, I have never seen it in my travels, except on apothecaries' bottles. It is time to change the theoretical stage-coach style of education for the steam-engine practicability of the age.

We dwell in the past as though our day was unworthy of its birth.

Cæsar, with his bow and arrow, is distorted into a greater man than Scott with his minié rifle.

Demosthenes deserves credit for trying to



clear his throat with pebbles, but I hope that none will compliment you or me by saying that we have adopted his model.

These stock heroes have grown from Roman paving-stones into Bunker Hill monuments.

When in our day we see a senator's speech trimmed up, revised, corrected for the papers, and then rearranged a generation later to suit the times, and before the generation is dead, changed perhaps again, one can but have fears that very little of the original remains in orations almost two thousand years of age.

Know yourself—therein is power.

Scholars, I am glad I know you.

I wish I knew you better, and that you knew me better. I should like to play with you when you play, and study with you when you study. I would arouse you from idleness, and make you work.

I would appeal to your ambition.

There may be some future President sitting on these benches—some large-brained boy—who only needs commendation to light the embers of his mind.

Young Americans ; you by and by will be

the city fathers—the rulers of the State ;  
make yourselves worthy of the chance.

There may be here the mother of a Wash-  
ington, a Napoleon, a Pitt.

'Tis the mothers that make the men.

Now is the hour for improvement—know-  
ledge is power—do not waste the moments.

Read ! Reflect ! Remember !

Keep your ears—your eyes open ; notice  
all that passes, and strive to excel.

Little by little you can accomplish any-  
thing.

The dropping of water drills the hardest  
stone.

Where there's a will there's a way.

Little by little you have built up this beau-  
tiful city, little by little you have perfected  
your common school system.

*" Little by little, an acorn said,  
As it slowly sank in its mossy bed,  
I'm improving every day—  
Deep hidden in the earth away.  
Little by little it sipped the dew—  
Little by little each day it grew ;  
Downward it sent out a tiny root,  
Upward there sprang a threadbare shoot.  
Day by day, and year by year,  
Little by little the leaves appear,*

And the slender trunk spreads far and wide,  
Till the giant oak is the forest's pride.

“Far down in the depths of the deep blue sea,  
An insect train works ceaselessly ;  
Grain by grain it is building well—  
Each one alone in its little cell.  
Moment by moment, and day by day,  
Never stopping to rest or to play,  
Rocks upon rocks it is mounting high,  
Till the top looks out on the sunny sky ;  
And the gentle wind and the balmy air,  
Little by little bring verdure there,  
Till the summer sunbeams gaily smile  
On the buds and flowers of the coral Isle.

“Little by little, said a thoughtful boy,  
Moment by moment I'll well employ,  
Learning a little every day,  
And not spending all my time in play.  
While in mind this truth shall dwell—  
Whate'er I do, I'll do it well ;  
Little by little I'll strive to know  
The treasured knowledge of long ago,  
And one of these days, perhaps, will see  
*The world is all the better for me.*”

Choose your path, and keep to it.

I would rather be that Excelsior boy dying  
in the snow, than not to have made the trial.

I shall long remember my visit to the  
schools of Ohio, and shall feel deeply glad  
should some among you remember me in re-  
turn. In thanking you for permitting me to

talk to you, wishing you a thousand kind presents for the holidays, I must again exhort you *to be in earnest*.

Love truth—love virtue—love God, and be happy.

THE END.